THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Photocraft

CLARE EAMES *as Princess Elizabeth*

One performance stood out above all others in the production of "The Prince and the Pauper," at the Booth—the notable impersonation of England's virgin queen by this practically unknown actress, seen only once before on Broadway in a small part in "Déclassée"

IS THE UNDRAPED DRAMA UNMORAL?

Most theatre-goers having no intellect, the risqué appeals strongly to their emotions. Being an interview with

AVERY HOPWOOD

Author of "The Gold Diggers", etc.

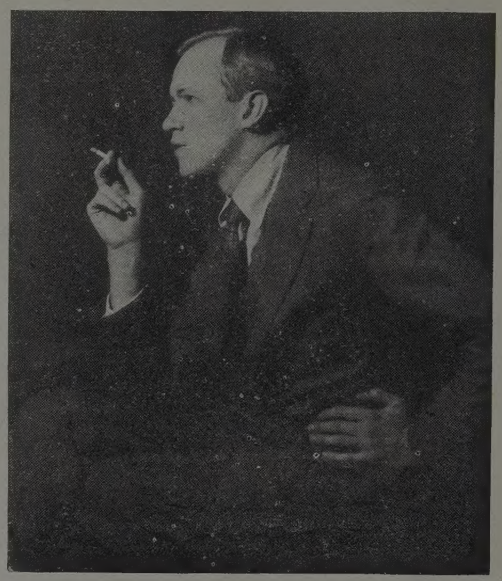
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the English playwright, once had five plays running in the London theatres at the same time. On it being suggested to him that he would soon write himself out, he replied, "My dear fellow, these are not new plays. I wrote them years ago, and offered them to nearly every manager in the city. They were all promptly declined. Later, when one of my plays was accepted, and made a hit, the managers toppled over each other to get plays from me. I obliged them by selling them the plays they had originally declined."

Our Avery Hopwood having four plays now running simultaneously in four different New York theatres, I asked him if his experience might have been similar. He replied:

"Oh, dear no! These plays now running are all of comparatively recent origin. I wrote 'Ladies' Night' last year. My collaborator was, and is,—don't gasp!—a college professor! A paradox? I don't think so, for, if you will really look at the play dispassionately, you will see that it is meant for nothing but satire. Mrs. Grundy and Dame Fashion are very often at odds. Mrs. Grundy tells Dame Fashion that she is 'going the limit.' Dame Fashion retorts that she doesn't care, if she is. It is merely a matter of 'if I choose'. Her advisers, the dressmakers—men, as a rule, mind you—have urged such and such a mode on her. She has complied. *C'est tout!* Now, you can kill almost anything by ridicule, but you most certainly can't kill women's fashions by ridicule. It has been tried over and over again, but it has always failed. Fashion certainly dies out—sometimes flies out—but it is not killed by anything 'brute man', or spectacled Puritans say or do. It is, however, easy to satirize an *outré* fashion, and fashions nowadays, as you may have noticed, are remarkably *outré*. That is all my collaborator suggested, and all I have done.

You may say I have gone too far. I don't think so. I don't write, or at all events I didn't write this play, for the girl of 15, and by the girl of 15 I mean the young girl of the Victorian era. What the girl of 15 knows, or does not know, nowadays, I should be very sorry even to guess at. Probably she has more knowledge of these 'ologies, which were withheld from the girls of our youth, than her grandmother. The average girl, like all women, is a problem, which I will not attempt to solve. At all events, I hadn't her in mind, when I wrote this play. She didn't hamper me a bit. I have simply forced audiences to face ridiculous facts, and, if these facts savor of immodesty, that is the fault of Fashion, and not my fault. I don't know that it wouldn't be better to have theatres for young persons, and theatres for grown-ups. Maybe, that would solve the difficulty.

This play is neither immoral, nor is it unmoral in the present state of society. A girl will allow you to gloat over her charms in a scanty bathing suit, whereas she would shriek her life out, were you to see her in a somewhat similar state of nudity in her bedroom. People go to the theatre to be amused, not shocked, and a travesty of fashion combined with a display of rustic modesty is much more likely to amuse than to shock.



Photocraft

AVERY HOPWOOD

Any manager, or any actor, will tell you that nastiness won't carry any farce. People love a touch of the *risqué* just as they love a cocktail before dinner—if they can get it in these curious times. In a play like 'Ladies' Night' there is no trace of sexual feeling, because the whole thing is carried out in a comical way. My collaborator and I have respected the classical traditions of our *métier*. In a really comic play, as this is acknowledged to be, one is never conscious of the presence of Aphrodite. This feeling only invades when an erotic ardor is suggested. One cannot be amorous, and laugh one's self to death.

If you are prurient, you can, of course, transform the jollity of the play into obscenity, but I maintain that this play is not sexual, in the bad sense of the word, nor is it in any way nasty. It is merely amusing, it is novel; and having these two qualities, it has succeeded. I have cut and cut lines out of this play by request, though I saw no harm in them. I have watched some of the audiences, and, when I perceived a gasp, and a stop, and then a laugh, I knew it wasn't quite right, and out came those lines.

You may tell me that pleasant topics not only interest the intellect, but elicit response from the emotions, whereas an unpleasant topic is interesting only to the intellect. My answer is that few people have much intellect. Most people take only their emotions to the theatre. Then again, there are different sorts of interests. The activity of the mind awakened by music is very different to that awakened by the binominal theorem.

I am of opinion that this is a play, which the middle-class—meaning the majority of people—enjoy hugely. The prurient come to be shocked, though why they should come at all I can't conceive. The play is not meant to appeal to those people who cover up the legs of their pianos and veil their eyes at the sight of a well-turned ankle.

I wonder what would occur, were a Victorian woman, or man for that matter, to see the present fashions. Wouldn't they be shocked? Well, what is my hero but a man of the Victorian type, who has to be brought up to date by a series of—well, make the adjective *outré*—shocks? He is cured, and his excuse is that he has gone through his amusingly untoward experiences for the sake of retaining the affection of his wife, who is perfectly up-to-date.

Is there anything nocuous in the idea, or in the amusing way it is carried out? There isn't.

And here's another point. One man can tell a somewhat broad story in a parlor, or at a dinner table, and be ostracized, whereas another man can, and does, tell the very same story in his peculiar way and is laughed at, and with. Isn't this so?

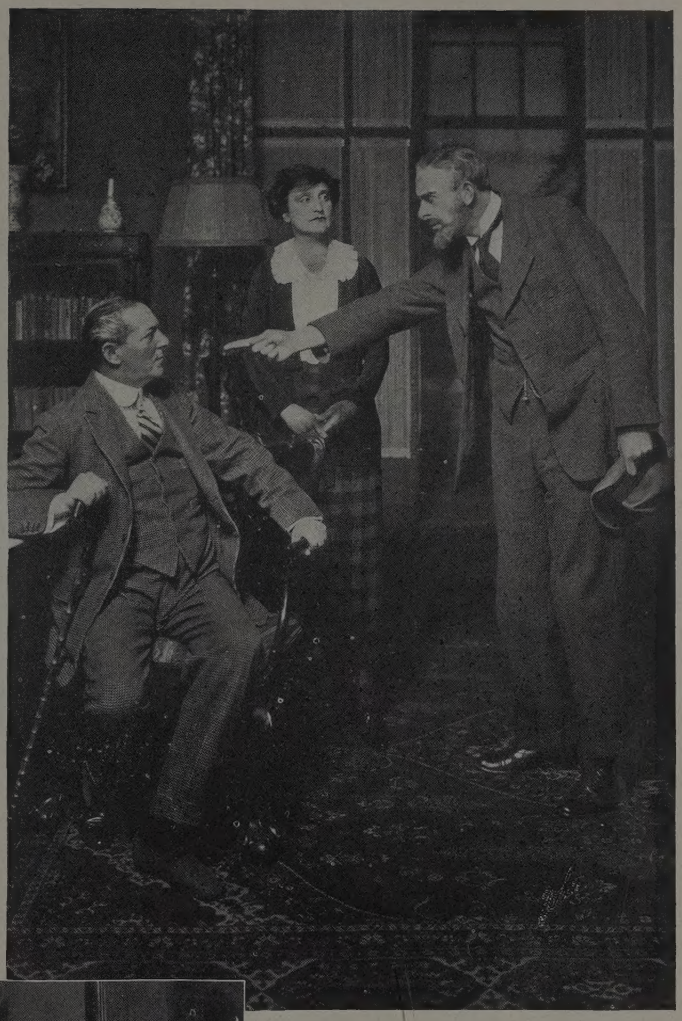
The drama is a democratic art, and the dramatist is not the monarch, but the servant of the public. The voice of the public should be considered the voice of the gods.

My thesis seems to be axiomatic, and unsusceptible of argument. Yet it is continually denied by the Uplifters, who persist in looking down upon the public, and decrying the wisdom of the many.

The truth must be self-evident that the theatregoers are endowed with a certain inalienable right—the pursuit of happiness—and the audiences which have attended this particular play of mine are most distinctly happy in the way they are amused.

PATRICIA COLLINGE AND GEOFFREY KERR IN "JUST SUPPOSE" AT THE HENRY MILLER THEATRE

H. R. H., crushed at the realization that duty to the State does not permit him to follow the dictates of his heart, takes a heartbreaking farewell of his Linda Lee



MARSH ALLEN, CYNTHIA BROOKS AND HERBERT LOMAS IN "THE SKIN GAME" AT THE BIJOU

War is declared between Squire Hillcrist, representing the aristocratic traditions of England, and Hornblower, a rough, but successful manufacturer, who is marring the neighborhood with his factories

JOAN MACLEAN, JOSEPHINE VICTOR AND MARSH ALLEN

Chloe Hornblower (Josephine Victor), fearful lest the secret of her past be learned by her husband, comes to Squire Hillcrist to implore his silence in the desperate fight between the Hillcrists and the Hornblowers

Photos White

CLASS CONFLICT AND SENTIMENT IN NEW PLAYS

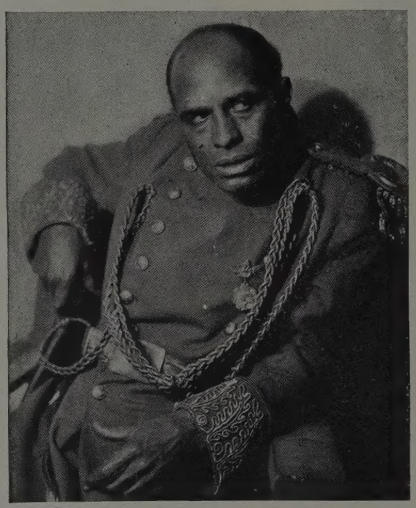
A NEGRO GENIUS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

THE rather dazzling emergence of Charles S. Gilpin, the negro actor, in Eugene O'Neill's new play, "The Emperor Jones," at the Provincetown Playhouse, Greenwich Village, is an event tinctured with romance. Gilpin is the first negro actor to give a performance which has secured sufficient recognition to place him in the front rank of his profession. Here is a man who for years has had within himself the power to mount to the top of the ladder, and there has been no ladder.

Eugene O'Neill, who wrote, "Beyond the Horizon," made the ladder. His interest in the rich emotional and imaginative temperament of the negro people, first shown in his play, "The Dreamy Kid," given last year by the Provincetown Players, led him to place a negro protagonist, the Emperor Jones, in a dramatic action of universal human significance. When we watch Gilpin in this play we do not stop at feeling what a negro in these circumstances feels and does and says—we are made partakers of the experience of man in the grip of terror. In other words, the center from which the playwright worked is that of the universal artist. The play permits and compels the actor who interprets it, to work from the same center, and Charles S. Gilpin at his best, happens to be equal to the job. In his study of gradual fear, mounting by almost imperceptible degrees to stark panic, he gives an incredibly powerful performance.

The play tells the story of an American Pullman porter whose cunning has enabled him to set himself up as the Emperor of a West Indian Island. He has supported his hazardous position by spreading among the natives the legend of a charmed life which can only be ended by a silver bullet. When the play opens his career has run its course. The natives have hied themselves to the hills to whip up their courage to the point of rebellion. From the depths of the forest there comes the steady beat of the tom-tom.

The Emperor laughs at them scornfully, for he has had the foresight to amass his fortune and in the forest he has buried tinned food to sustain him in his flight. It is a



Bruguière

CHARLES S. GILPIN

The first negro actor to gain the front rank of his profession

brave, fearless adventurer who reaches the sheltering forest just before the sudden dusk of a tropical night. It is a broken creature, insane with fear, distracted by the unknown terrors and formless fears of the jungle, who has circled the forest in his agonized flight during the night, only to come creeping back at dawn to his starting place, to be shot down with the silver bullets of his former subjects, religiously moulded in conformity with the legend of his charmed life.

Gilpin was born in Richmond, Va., forty-five years ago. He attended a Catholic school where he showed signs of dramatic and musical ability. After he left school, he worked in the office of the *Richmond Planet*, where he learned the printing trade. On account of race prejudice he left the newspaper and went to Philadelphia, where he found employment in a job printing establishment.

The young negro dreamed of some day being a real actor. He found himself continually hampered in the practice of his trade and finally deserted it in favor of barbering. But the stage was constantly calling to him, though each time he returned disheartened and depressed with the pitiful wage he was able to earn on account of racial discrimination. During the season of 1903, he was with the Gilmore Canadian Jubilee Singers, owned by Carey and Carter of Hamilton, Ontario, and two years later joined the Williams and Walker Company, graduating from this organization into the Pekin Players of Chicago, the entertainment ranging from vaudeville to Grand Opera, a repertoire which gave the young player his first experience in real acting. On the disbanding of this organization, Gilpin returned to vaudeville, to barbering, portering or any other occupation that presented itself as most attractive at the moment. Like the Brutus Jones created by Eugene O'Neill, he was once a Pullman porter. Finally, an opportunity came to join the Lafayette Stock Company, a negro dramatic organization of Harlem, presenting Broadway plays, and it was here that Lester Lonergan found him for William Harris when the cast of "Abraham Lincoln" was being assembled. The sincerity with which he played the old slave who comes to thank the Great Emancipator, was as simple as it was genuine.

In spite of this appearance on Broadway, further opportunity was closed to him on account of his color, and it is a sad commentary on our commercial theatre that the genius of Charles S. Gilpin was being wasted in running an elevator when the Provincetown Players called him to their support.

W. A. L.

THE MANAGERIAL LETTER GUSH

WHO says the art of polite letter-writing was lost somewhere in the Eighteenth Century? That it went out with the powdered wigs, lace ruffles, brocaded petticoats and patches of a leisurely and sentimental age? That the carefully-chosen phrases and rounded periods of epistolary buncombe vanished generations before the advent of the prosaic postal card and the unromantic typewriter?

Ask Morris Gest; he knows. Since he put on his big Oriental show at the Century, which cost $50,000—or was it $500,000?—before the curtain rose, glowing letters, sputtering and exploding with adulatory adjectives, have made a perfect halo about his artistic head, so overwhelming him with modest embarrassment that he finds himself printing them in the public press at the usual advertising rates.

Take two or three as examples. His father-in-law—David Belasco, himself not unknown to fame as a dramatist and producer of parts—finds himself, as he might have expressed it in his early California days, "locoed" by the splendor of the young man's new spectacle, and, in his family pride, leads off with a solid six-inch block of typed eulogium which implies, if it does not actually say, that his own "Darling of the Gods," or "The Return of Peter Grimm," are not to be mentioned in the same breath with "Mecca." He is proud of his gifted son-in-law, and he doesn't care who knows it. The Century's publicity department does the rest.

Then comes Elinor Glyn, carefully identified in the published reproduction of her letter as author of "Three Weeks." She, poor lady, seems narrowly to have escaped hysterics through witnessing "Mecca," for she had to write to the producer at one o'clock in the morning. She could not have slept had she not first poured out her soul to the marvelous Morris, to tell him that his production had "not one jarring note," that "the magnificent proportions of the young Greek god of a man" who plays the Sultan was "something satisfying," and that the ballet scene was a "refined orgy," which reminded her of when she "stayed with the Royal Family in Petersburg in the good old days!"

Even so seasoned (*Continued on page* 60)

ON WITH THE DANCE

Hark, hark, the critics bark,
The Dancers are coming to town.
Some in frocks designed for shocks
And some completely gowned.

DRAWN BY
MALCOLM LA PRADE

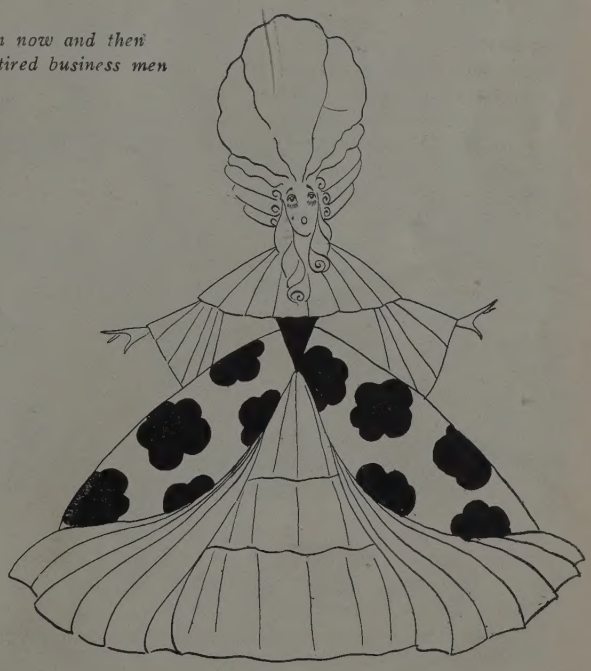
MATINEE GIRLS BEWARE!

A Male Vampire flits through the "Danse Macabre"

A little Persian now and then
Is relished by tired business men

The Spanish Senorita smites her audience hip and thigh

Jingo and Jongoa, in their Japanese creation, "The Yellow Peril"



A MINUET WITHOUT LEGS

"Ask Grandmother, she knows"

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

The great Italian tragedienne once more to tread the boards after many years of inexplicable retirement

By ALICE NIELSEN

A CABLE dispatch from Rome the other day stated that Eleanora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, is about to return to the stage. This news will bring joy to many thousands of her admirers the world over.

For years, there has been much speculation as to the reason Duse no longer appeared before the public—why she had hidden herself so completely as though she had vanished off the face of the earth. Illness, it was said, was depriving the world of her genius, but that was only partly true. Physically, the lovely Italian was well, but her brilliant mind had become benumbed as though from a blow. Her beautiful soul was ill. And the one who dealt the blow was Gabriele D'Annunzio, the celebrated poet and now military dictator of Fiume.

WHATEVER hypothetical reasons may have been given for Duse's retirement the truth is that it was simply due to the fact that D'Annunzio, through his power of suggestion, made her feel that she was old, when she was just upon the threshold of her prime. Blinded by the glamour of his genius, she thought she had met a soul as big as her own, and when she realized her mistake it almost killed her. I know, for I was with her all during that dark and bitter period of disillusionment.

My meeting with Duse is an example of the child-like directness which is typical of her. Some time before this, a mutual friend had arranged for me to meet the tragedienne, but she disappointed us by not appearing. A week later, a tea-party was arranged, and I was assured that the actress would come, but again I was doomed to disappointment. Finally, I made up my mind I would meet her or die in the attempt.

I learned that she was taking a train for Rome the next day. Ascertaining the time, I bought my ticket and boarded the train just in time to see the actress enter her compartment. When we started I presented myself.

SHE smiled. The ice was broken and we began to converse. She laughed heartily when I told her the only reason I took the train was to get a chance to speak to her, and she made me get off at the next station and go home, with the exhilerating promise that she would write me upon her return. Soon afterwards I received an invitation to attend a private musicale she was giving at her villa, the Palazzo Borghesi at Porto d'Anzio, forty-three miles from Rome.

It was a memorable evening. D'Annunzio was present, reciting some of his poetry, the beauty of his voice as well as the brilliance of his verse casting an indescribable romantic glamour upon his listeners. What thrilled me more, however, was the presence of Duse herself in that beautiful room, full of lovely antique things. She was sitting upon an ottoman, rather detached from the general company, in the background. Her elbows were upon her knees, and her face, upon which the lightning expressions flitted ceaselessly, was cupped in her beautiful hands. Very adequately had D'Annunzio named her *"La donna della belli mani,"* the woman of the beautiful hands. At this time, I had not yet seen her in the Italian poet's "La Gioconda," the play whose motive springs

ELEANORA DUSE

from a pair of hands, but I could easily imagine that Signora Duse's hands, as well as her face could express more than those of any other human being.

After D'Annunzio had finished, the tragedienne rose, and pushing me gently by the shoulders toward the center of the room, said:

"Now, La Picola (she always called me 'little one'), let me hear you sing."

Motioning the accompanist to the clavischord, she went back to her corner upon the ottoman.

I sang selections from some of the operas and a few of the old classics. During this performance, her intent gaze never left my face, and she only spoke at the end of each song to ask for "more." At the end, she kissed me on both cheeks, thanking me for "my beautiful gift of song" as she expressed it, making me promise to come and sing for her often. Thus began a friendship which to me has been the most precious that the gods have bestowed.

Duse was often silent and aloof, but not consciously so ever, simply because her mind and soul dwelt upon a plane unknown to most of us poor mortals. This unconscious attitude is expressed in something she once said to me. We were on a train travelling together through Italy, and at the moment were passing the Alps.

"If you had your choice," I asked, "where would you choose to live?" I had in mind the marvellously beautiful country through which we were passing. Without hesitation she pointed to the very highest peak of the mountains in the distance and answered simply, like a child:

"At the top of that mountain!"

I SHIVERED in mock horror. "Oh," I replied, "I like the fields and the flowers and the warm brown earth much too well to leave them for a chilly mountain peak."

But I knew then as I do now that the things of the earth hold very little for her, if the soul and the sublimated mind are found wanting. In such a way had she been disappointed in her poet.

Yet I knew Duse in her gay moods too. Although the world regards her as a tragic figure, I hold that she, a thing of beauty, was intended to be a joyous spirit ever. Instead, she was made a thing of sorrow by a mere man.

In her merry moods, she seemed to be joy incarnate. When I first knew her she would go into paroxyms of laughter over the funny little Scotch clothes she took upon herself to make for D'Annunzio's little daughter, who was then about eight years old.

"See, is this not quaintly adorable and funny?" she would exclaim, holding the tiny pleated skirt in both hands.

She was in one of her most charming and playful moods, when, every morning, she fed her pack of wonderful greyhounds, of whom many legends are told throughout Italy, regarding their precociousness and beauty. Duse made a lovely picture as, dressed in her long, grey nun-like robe, she made the graceful creatures jump high into the air for their food.

TO me she seemed most fascinating and superbly beautiful, when, after the night's performance at the theatre, she would don a soft gown, which, like all her dresses indoors, fell in a simple graceful line from her shoulders to the ground, and wrap her lovely head round and round with yards of the finest, sheerest chiffon.

Taking her place at the head of the long cloister-like table (something of the cloister was always suggestive about the surroundings of the great tragedienne), she looked like some oldtime saint, for I do not exaggerate when I *(continued on page 62)*

Photo White

ALEXANDER ONSLOW AND MR. AND MRS. COBURN IN "FRENCH LEAVE" AT THE BELMONT THEATRE

The gallant general is smitten with the charms of the singer from gay Paree—not really a singer at all, but the younger officer's wife, who has visited her husband without permission

Photo White

ALICE DELYSIA AND W. H. RAWLINS IN "AFGAR" AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE

Delysia, a French extravaganza performer, whose personality, gorgeous costumes and stunning headgear, remind one of the regretted Anna Held and Gaby Delys

Photocraft

SCENE IN "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Miles Hendon (William Faversham), soldier of fortune, acts as a tender nurse to the worn-out little King of England (Ruth Findlay)

HITS IN COMEDY, ROMANCE AND EXTRAVAGANZA

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

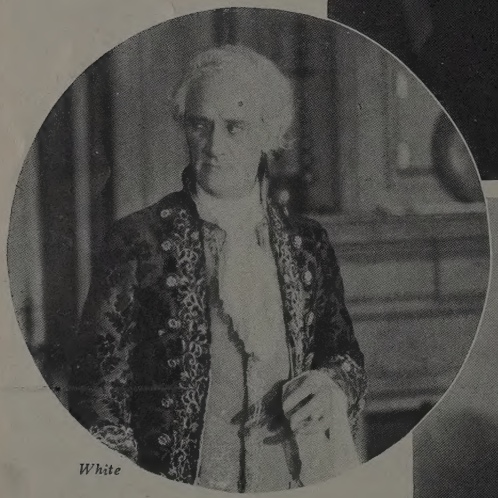
Bachrach

BELLE BENNETT

This promising young actress who replaced Muriel Martin Harvey as Tilly in "Happy Go Lucky" was recruited from Frederick Belasco's Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco where she played for eighty-five consecutive weeks. "Discovered" by Marjorie Rambeau, who herself had once been a member of the company, she was urged to come East and her talents were enthusiastically reported to A. H. Woods, who immediately opened negotiations.

WILLIAM SAMPSON

Nearly forty years of acting, is the rich experience this veteran actor brings to the rôle of Mr. Livingston, the comic father in "The First Year." Seven years associated with Augustin Daly, his more recent appearances were in "Polly With a Past," "The Hole in the Wall" and "Please Get Married."



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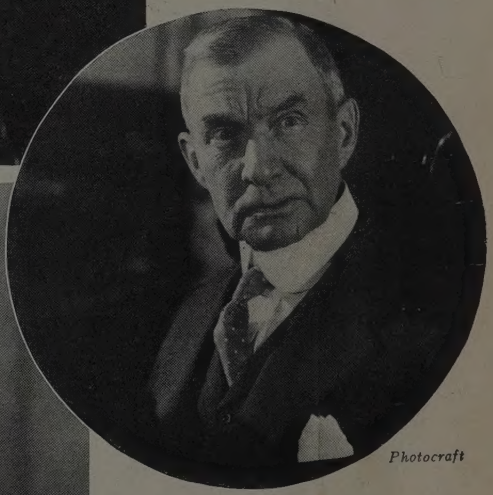

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HOWARD LANG

Elevated from the position of stage manager of the "Friendly Enemies" company to the star rôle in the London production, this actor returned to America to play the sinister medium, Mogador, in "The Ouija Board." As Franks, the Tory cousin, he is again associated with Louis Mann.

ROBERTA ARNOLD

As the young wife in "The First Year," Miss Arnold's performance stands out unforgettably. A Californian, a graduate of the Morosco Stock Company in Los Angeles, this actress made her Broadway début in "Upstairs and Down." Last season she was in "Adam and Eva"

Photo Manrique Co.

FROLIC AT THE FALLS

Posed by Sacha Piatov and Mme. Natalie, Russian dancers at the New York Hippodrome

Photo Old Masters

MARJORIE GATESON

The female of the crook species in "Little Miss Charity," Miss Gateson deals out seven million dollars, with the same ease and grace as her nimble feet keep time to the tuneful music of this musical comedy

Photo White

(Right)

EDITH TALIAFERRO

So long has this favorite actress played heroines of "straight" drama that it never occurred to anyone that she could do anything in a lighter vein. This season, in "Kissing Time," she is having her first experience in musical comedy

Photo White

CAROLL McCOMAS

The "because" in "Because of Helen" at the Punch and Judy, this vivacious actress, who began her career as a whistler, continues to add to her long string of Broadway hits

Photo Apeda

THERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER

As the fashionable young mother-in-law in "Honeydew," Mrs. Conover is so expert a mixer of cocktails that, off stage, she spends most of her time explaining to her friends that really she is strong for prohibition

PLAYING LEADS IN LEADING PLAYS

Photo White

JEAN ARCHIBALD

Author of "Call the Doctor"

General understudy in "Polly With a Past," is the obscure position that Miss Archibald held before Belasco discovered her. She seldom had a chance to appear and had to content herself writing character sketches. But this casual practice in writing led soon to serious work and study. The result was her first play, "Call the Doctor."

ALAN BROOKS

Author of "Because of Helen"

Epigrams have been the moving force in this actor-dramatist's life. He has thought and talked epigrams until he has the epigram habit. Born in New York City he began early to take an active interest in the stage, finally entering vaudeville as actor, author and producer.

Photo Moffett

DAVID PINSKI

Author of "The Treasure"

A comparatively new figure on the American stage, this author has devoted most of his life to the advancement of his race. His parents intended that he be a rabbi, but he determined to become a writer of plays. Most of his youth he lived in Warsaw and Berlin. He came to America in 1899, and entered Columbia

(Left)

FREDERIC ISHAM

Author of "Three Live Ghosts"

Born in Michigan, this playwright spent much of his life in London. His chief literary interest has been the novel, he being the author of such books as "The Strollers," "Black Friday," "Half a Chance," "Nothing But the Truth," and "Three Live Ghosts."

LITTLE KNOWN AUTHORS OF BROADWAY HITS

WHEN THE SILVER CURTAIN CLOSES

What do they talk about, those langourous, pulchritudinous ladies of the Follies? This will tell you

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

"HALF-HOUR!"

Back-stage of the Shubert Theatre pandemonium reigned. Girls, in all series of disrobe, some with furs thrown about them, or diaphanous peignoirs, some with the cosmic atmosphere of the wings themselves, rushed from their dressing-rooms to the sanctity of the wardrobe mistress and back to their dressing-rooms again, to put on a dab of extra rouge, or extend to their lashes more beads of mascarra, while awaiting their cues to take their places behind the footlights. Hosiery that had heretofore been unblemished, was having heels and toes supplemented by hurrying needles. In frantic attempts to manifest marcel waves, hair was being dexteriously singed. One young woman, heedless of circumstance and duty, was industriously chewing gum; another sat in a corner, oblivious to the noise and commotion, reading Ibsen.

Carpenters banged as noiselessly as possible. The rising curtain was to reveal the Village Pawn Shop. The scene plot necessitated a rainy night, and the master workman was busy getting ready the wind and thunder. Mr. Dolliver, the manager, called to Mr. Schannon, the head electrician, "Baby blues, half pinks, full olivettes. Douse daylight,"—which, in illuminatory language, means "a lovely glow."

THE Bohemians, Inc. had moved uptown from the Greenwich Village. It was the first performance to be rendered in the West 44th Street house. It afforded not only a bigger stage, and more comfortable quarters in which to be costumed, but also vaster spaciousness out front to allow for S.R.O. Ever since the Follies opened, there had been almost as many spectators standing to see the show, as those that were seated.

"I suppose we had to move," pouted prima donna Mary Lewis? "A friend of mine couldn't even buy tickets."

"Of course, dearie,—we hired a larger theatre so he could have two seats."

"And I was just getting used to live down there," moaned one of the "Models," undressed and ready for the Studio Scene.

"Living there!" queried Martha Throop, who sings the *Samovar* song.

"Yep, my dugout's right across the street from the Village theatre. That's why I'm glad we're working up-town. I was getting so darned lazy I wouldn't lace my shoes when I left at night."

"Where's the cat?" asked Elizabeth North, the scintillant blonde of the Birthday Cake. "I've brought it some dinner."

"Here, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy!" everybody cried, chiming in the search. However, no feline emerged. Trunks were scoured, and boxes overturned, to no avail. Miss North left the group dispirited. "I wanted to take it home with me," she mused pensively.

She is very beautiful, with exquisite features, and amber hair. It is said that she belongs to the Beerbohm Trees. Her knowledge of literature and language is remarkable for one of sixteen.

"Fifteen minutes!" shouts the call boy.

"Didn't you hear me call fifteen minutes?" he yells again.

"No, we didn't!" was the instantaneous, indignant response.

"Well, hear me now: Fifteen minutes, ladies and gents! Great Scott, Gimbel, you'd better hurry up!"

HARRIET GIMBEL, the little newsboy, in cerise tatters, had just reported, breathless, panting, with a bag of delicatessen under her arm.

"I didn't have time for eats, Albert. All right, I'll rush."

Immediately she got to work with a stick of grease paint in one hand, and a ham sandwich in the other. "I've been up at Whitman Bennet's studio all day, working in a picture with Lionel Barrymore."

You wouldn't think she was married, would you?" asked Mrs. Throop.

One certainly would not. She is a handfull of four feet, with roguish face and manner.

"Looks as though she ought to be wheeled home in a baby carriage every night."

"Well, I've been my husband's wife a year." The lady tossed her short cropped head. "Do you blame me?" and she pointed to a modern Adonis framed in silver on her dressing table.

"Who said husband?" inquired Florence Normand, who stood ready in her tight fitting black silk one piece suit to represent "The Black Cat" in the "Bohemia" ensemble. "Look at my man!" she handed us a clipping that read Billie Fitzsimmons was to fight Willie Corbett. It was paradoxical that this exotic type should be a Mrs. Fitzsimmons. One could so easily imagine her a Tanjaroff or Carcucci. And that her husband was a pugilist, proves that pugilists have good taste. Miss Normand creates more than a furore each time in her nonchalant decolleté.

HAVE you a photograph of him here?" "What do you think,—I carry my husband's pictures around with me?" The absurdity made her laugh.

The hell-cat's off again," "Murray Anderson vouched. "We call her our Hell-Cat, don't we?"

"Oh, Murray," Miss Normand said, *"bon soir!"*

"Comment allez vous?" cried a group who had assembled for the prologue.

"Comment helles yourself," greeted Deano, dressed in a Chinese robe he had picked up from a heap in the corner, "dear old shades of Greenwich Village! . . . . My God, I forgot, ..." Five minutes, everybody!

"Five minutes!" echoed through the wings.

"Where's my veil?"

"Are my legs white enough?"

"Have you been to 'Way Down East' yet?"

"Who'll lend me a hair net?"

"A drink! A drink! My kingdom for a Scotch!"

"Please powder my back."

"Anybody wanna piece a gum?"

"Don't chew, thanx

"Where's the Spearmint kiddo with the Wrigley eyes?"

"Did you see this?" Florence Browne asked, displaying a cunning little statuette of a page dressed in the gold costume of the Carnival Scene.

"When did you make it, Flo?"

"This past week."

"It's adorable."

"I have three more like it, for each little page in the company."

"Why don't you model the entire pageant?"

"That's an idea, but I'm afraid it will take too long. I may attempt it, however." And she put the clay Watteau back into its box. Miss Browne once toured with Pavlowa. Her ballet work, like her sculpturing, is naïve and unique. She, herself, pretty and dainty in her teens, looks more the ingenue than the artist.

THE stage hands were letting the rose-silver curtain used in the Valentine divertissement drop. Yards and yards of tinted metallic cloth hung from the fly gallery. "Couldn't you have used plain pink stuff instead?" I asked Mr. Dolliver.

Of course, we could have," he answered, but Murray Anderson always demands the genuine. To procure his wonderful effects he must have the best substance with which to work. In the Pawn Shop, the background is black. There is very little light, and a painted black back-drop would have answered the purpose. But Murray wants night to look like velvet, so he uses velvet. That Tsin number, the Persian scene where the girls represent perfumes, has an entire walling of black velvet, also, Look at these costumes." Satins, crepe meteors, brocades, batiks, tye dyes, embroideries, taffetas, chiffon velvets, . . all of them exquisite in coloring, sumptuous in texture. "The finest," Mr. Dolliver smiled. "That's Murray all over."

He let me touch the silver curtain that the production boasts their pride this year. It is gorgeous, lavish. Mr. Dolliver didn't know exactly how many bolts were used in its construction, but its approximate cost he said was $40,000. Its lining is of jade taffeta, yet only a glimpse of this shows.

"How does being (*Continued on page* 60)

Photo Maurice Goldberg

WALTER HAMPDEN AS ROMEO

This earnest and capable player, now on tour with a repertoire including "Romeo and Juliet," "Shylock" and "Hamlet," is one of the few among our younger American actors with enough love for their art to courageously carry the Shakespearean banner through the land

Photo Nickolas Muray

ILONA FULOP
and
ILOUKA KARASZ

Two Hungarian artists who will shortly add a new theatre to New York's many polyglot playhouses—a Hungarian Theatre in Greenwich Village

Photo Bachrach

ERNEST GLENDINNING

When not engaged in stage love-making this young leading man, so picturesque a figure in "Little Old New York," sits home in his shirt sleeves enjoying his favorite author, Robert Louis Stevenson

Photo Goldberg

NINA TARASOVA

Russian Yvette Guilbert who made her American début at Carnegie Hall, Nov. 24, in a repertoire of quaint Russian folk-songs

Photo Bachrach

(Left)

FLORENCE NASH

This popular ingenue, now in "The Mirage," has a strong sense of civic duty. Here she is seen casting her vote in the Presidential election and from the expression of her face you know she has voted right

PLAYERFOLK WITH AND WITHOUT "MAKE-UP"

Photo
Hixon Connolly

ZOE
BARNETT

In "Jim Jam Jems," this actress was given no opportunity to display her dancing talent. Here she is seen in a vampire dance Kipling's "A Fool There Was"

PRINCESS
WHITE DEER

Pure blooded Indian girl whose dancing is an attractive feature of "Tip Top"

(Oval Center)

PAUL SWAN

Russia does not entirely monopolize the dancing field. Here's an American with the physique of an Apollo and the grace of a faun who is now touring in Greek, Persian and Egyptian dances

Campbell Studio

Charlotte Fairchild

(Below)

MILDRED HOLLADAY

Whose Egyptian dance fascinates Keith Vaudeville audiences

H. STOWITTS

Californian dancer who has had great success in support of Mme. Pavlowa. The London critics declare him the "best male dancer since Nijinsky"

ALL THE WORLD DANCING MAD

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF STAGELAND

Photos by Bachrach Studio

Margaret Mower—the Gladiolas

Mary Nash—the Tiger Lily

Allyn King—the Chrysanthemum

Charlotte Walker—the Cosmos Flower

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARILYN MILLER

This graceful young dancer, long a favorite with Winter Garden and Follies' audiences, has toe-danced herself to stardom. Upon her recent return from Europe, Ziegfeld, Jr., had a play waiting her. "Salty of Our Alley," is the title of the piece in which she will be starred jointly with Leon Errol

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

Famous singers as they really are. Amusing unrehearsed happenings. The operatic kiss.

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

(Concluded from last month)

THE famous operatic singers who, in front of the curtain, appear to the spectator beings little less than divine, are really very ordinary, loveable humans. Caruso, for instance, is noted for his generosity to those less fortunate than himself. Once he heard of a stage hand whose family was in distress in Italy. The man didn't have enough money to take him back home. The tenor paid for his passage and a whole lot more.

I spoke last month of the sadness of the dancing girl whose mother committed suicide. The way the whole company helped, was a joy. At Christmas and other holiday seasons, the principals shower the underlings. A Santa Claus hands out presents. Last Christmas the company adopted a poor little orphan whose parents, working back stage, had died of pneumonia.

As the singers and workers disperse, Farrar greets everybody with genuine friendliness. A confidential whisper to me from a stage hand, as Farrar whisks by, "There's a woman we'd all go to Hell for!" I relay it to her; she clasps her hands, and says "The dears! I love them all. I mean it. So many singers do not appreciate how much these people do. Let *them* fail, and *we* fail. Harmony back stage is all part of the performance. I have seen many who do not realize this, and it has almost killed them. Come with me," and into the dressing room we turn, Farrar running us a race to the door, and beating us!

ONCE during my début in Monte Carlo," she says, "Caruso carried me bodily from the stage to my dressing room, in full sight of the audience."

The beautiful American girl, whose career has been so romantic and eventful, laughs as she remembers how once she stood outside at the rail and wistfully gazed at the stage, and swore she'd sometime be a prima donna! She was sixteen at the time, just into the city from a little Massachusetts town. Her wish was not fulfilled at once; it came via Europe. After she had made her sensation abroad, they sent for her, and now the name Farrar on the bills means a packed house, every time.

She recalls some funny things that happen back stage. For instance, there are the enemies in some operas, who swear at each other, and want to kill each other. But the minute the curtain is down, they are kissing and embracing. And then there are the stage lovers, who will not speak to each other the moment the curtain has fallen. "All told, we have a lovely time . . it is our life . . it is the breath of our existence," she says, "we have our squabbles, we have not all the smooth-running path." Saying this, she runs away to change her costume for the next act, warbling a few phrases of the famous *Jewel Song*.

In the other dressing rooms, we hear the voices running up and down their scales. We see some of the singers spraying their throats. Caruso always has an attendant with an atomizer. Every time he steps off the stage, *ts-st-ts!* goes the spray in his throat. And then *"hm-hm-ha-ho-hum"* the voice phrases, as he taps his nose. When Caruso is unoccupied with his singing, he is forever making caricatures. This is his hobby.

But in the years gone by, despite his fun, and all the humor of his make-up he was a sad man. Once he said to Paul Althouse, "Paul, if I had a wife like yours, I'd be happy."

BUT now Caruso has a wife, and a little daughter, Gloria. She came at Christmas time, and he was as boyish as a youngster. But he is always a boy. To see him capering around, without a trace of dignity, is to know true greatness.

Some of the singers have their dressing rooms sprayed with a disinfectant. The moment Olive Fremstadt entered her room, her maid filled the place with a heavy oily concoction. This prima donna between scenes was like a volcano, ready to burst, perfectly sweet and friendly, but overflowing with a red-hot magnetism. On the other hand, Galli-Curci is as calm as can be between scenes, she is always the gentle, quiet, smiling creature we love so well. I think it was Farrar who compared her to a daisy. I remember watching Mary Garden as she came running from the stage to her dressing room . . her light hair flying, in the very spirit of the character, maddened, afire, crackling with a sparkling sound, almost . . nobody would dare to approach her, and discuss earthly things when she was in the heavens of Debussy!

When Rosina Galli and Bonfiglio appeared for some great ballet scene, the *danseuse* said that her hands were cold and legs shaky, so she and her partner jigged around for a while. Matzenauer in her dressing room, sits knitting; many of the chorus also knit, many read, and some write letters. Jean de Reszké used to spend his off moments mimicking everybody from the box-office man to the chairman of the board of directors.

I WALKED into the dressing room of Craig Campbell, the lyric tenor, at a performance of "The Gondoliers." He was just changing his costume. "A fine shirt this is for a King, eh?" And he showed me a torn undershirt which was being covered with royal robes for the next act. But sometimes real kings come back stage. In Berlin, the ex-Kaiser had the habit badly.

Back to "Faust." The garden scene is ready. Activity again. This time we will go under the stage. It is like descending to Hades. Pitch black—all kinds of peculiar alleys, trap doors, trap drops. Here is where the stage lowers for the famous Rhine scenes in the Wagnerian operas. Here is where in "The Blue Bird," Light and Milk are raised from the ground! Over here is the electrical apparatus by which the entire house is operated. Two men sit at the keyboard all night. Here is the prompt's box.

Suppose we sit during this act, with the prompt. It is a little cubby-hole, raised above the level of the stage. It is covered by a metal hood, which keeps the sight and sound of the prompt from the audience, but which enables him to see the entire stage from the center of it, while he reads the parts aloud. Every word of every opera is intoned in a penetrating voice to the singers—always a few seconds ahead of time. If a singer forgets, it will not be the words. Lapse of memory is a terrible thing. Recently an entire scene was enacted with the principal muttering nothing, and the principal is a very famous artist with a long career.

Many times rush-work has to be done. Someone is ill; another is substituted. I remember when Sophie Braslau learned the part of "Shanewis" in two days, for a première of Cadman's opera. Alice Gentle was taken ill; she had been living with the opera for months, and Braslau hadn't given it a thought. But she knew it letter-perfect, the night of the performance. Florence Easton learned the difficult rôle of the "Love of Three Kings" in two days. And then there was Bouillez, the Belgian baritone, singing "Salome" at a performance where Strauss, the composer, was present.

IT was in Belgium, and Bouillez, of course, knew his rôle in French; but for the benefit of Strauss, it was decided to do it in German. At night Bouillez forgot his German, and lapsed into French, while some of the company were singing in the other tongue.

A certain tenor, whose name is not important, once said a strange thing. He forgot his part completely. He stormed about and shouted, "I know the music upside down and backwards; I knew it perfectly, but God failed me, God failed me!"

Once Florence Macbeth fell on the stage, as she was supposed to do; but she fell a little too far front, and the heavy curtain rolled down to her. She didn't dare to move—she was supposed to be dead, and it would spoil everything; and yet, if that board hit her! Just then one of the men, with quick

Photo Francis Bruguière

ROSHANARA

in her new Indian Harvest dance

mentality, rushed forward and kicked her over, just in time.

THE most terrible thing I recall, was a night when "The Huguenots" was playing. In one act Scotti was to appear three times. For some inexplicable reason, Scotti, who knows the opera as well as the composer knew it, forgot about his second entrance. The stage manager and his assistant who had gone to remind him of his cue, were like madmen. The cue was given. No Scotti! The conductor couldn't stop. Rothier was on the stage, knew something was wrong, and sang both parts, so there would be no lapse in the music. A little later, Scotti came on calmly.

"Where have you been?" shouted the stage manager.

"Why?" asked the artist in amazement. "I've been upstairs having pictures made."

"But good God, man, you missed your second cue!" Scotti shriveled up.

"Heavens, how did I do that?"

Which explains why the rule that no one may leave the back of the stage during a performance, is so stringently observed.

BUT down in the prompt's box, it is interesting to watch the singers, as they are close up. Farrar tonight is unusually beautiful. Martinelli extremely romantic. The love scene is truly touching. Farrar is an actress of the first rank. She could give you her message without a word. Martinelli winks as he sings; but then he forgets us in the spirit of his character and wildly he proposes to Marguerite. Farrar goes to the little window in her house. Behind it, the construction is very interesting. It ends with the window, and Farrar rests on a pillar, instead of a pillow. The kiss at the end of the scene is a long passionate outburst. "That was some kiss" we say to him, "Well, I must feel it, and I do!" Which perhaps explains why he is such a master of love scenes. "It is the end of the act," he adds, "and I do not care about the grease paint on the lips getting on the cheek. I can fix it over."

Over at the house of light opera, Craig Campbell has a very "kissy" scene in "The Mikado," behind the lady's fan; and she is very pretty. But Craig Campbell doesn't kiss her, because it would leave a mark on their faces, and that would never do!

Watching the singers from the prompt's box, is a sensation. Barrientos, with a wide open mouth, sticking her tongue under the lips, as she produces each careful phrase. Ludicrous faces some, as they fit their mouths for the grand final note; beautiful, many; and impossible, not a few. All the singers have their little mannerisms of mouthing—some merely part the lips, others spread them until you are afraid the face will break in two.

AS we sat there, I wondered once, if something could make the singers laugh in a sad part of the opera. But who would dare to do a thing of that sort? Well, there was Tosti, the man who conducted at the opera, and who wrote his famous *Goodbye*. He used to have fun. For instance, the closing night of the season, during the death scene of "La Bohème," when Melba suffers the pains of body and soul, Tosti put on a fake moustache and wiggled it like Charlie Chaplin has since learned to do; and Caruso under his breath was telling side-splitting jokes. But Melba held to her rôle!

Upstairs quick—they have just handed a bouquet to Farrar and she is giving a flower to each of the cast. Gatti-Casazza pats Farrar on the hand, and puts his arm around her paternally. "A flower for you, Maestro, and for you Mr. Ordynski—a passionate little thing, isn't it?"

SO to the end of the performance. The shifting of scenes, the marvelous music of the orchestra, the chorus back of the scenes, and in front of the audience, the *Soldier's Chorus*," the tragic church scene, where Mephistopheles appears in the portals, illumined in red, the apparition of the angels, and the end.

We must pause here to treat very briefly of the stage tricks. In "The Jewess" there is a boiling oil-pot, which is lit by red lights. When Rachel (Rosa Ponselle) is executed, she is plunged into the pot of oil. The curtain falling immediately, she is lifted out, and rushes to take her bow.

OVER at the performance of "The Gondoliers," it is amusing to watch the boat as it is propelled along the grand canal in Venice by the aid of sturdy men on the side, where the audience cannot see them. Then there are the stage falls. Evelyn Scotney, in "The Jewess" falls very neatly into her attendant's arms. When Mary Garden dies, in "Pelleas and Melisande," it is tragic. She really suffers the whole emotion. I watched her from the wings and as they lifted her afterwards, she was a wreck without a doubt.

"Faust" is over. See the rush to the dressing rooms, the musicians through their doors, the chorus to their quarters, the stars to their rooms, and then home. And in the solemn quiet of the night, until early in the morning, the second shift moves out the properties and costumes and scenery of the opera and moves into its place the setting for the next performance.

MORNINGS and afternoons, the opera house is a busy place. All languages are spoken The office of the management is a veritable tower of Babel. To be an impresario one must be a diplomat. That singer is insulted, she was not given the right part; this one is ill, and the cast must be revised. This one threatens to break her contract. This conductor is dissatisfied; this score needs revising; this ballet is terrible. Ah, my head! Bedlam! And yet what perfection of motion when the operas are heard! Every opera is given to two casts, two conductors rehearsing. If anyone in cast No. 1 fails, if the whole cast No. 1 fails, cast No. 2 is ready. The conductor in front has his several assistants, who see that backstage matters synchronize. The assistant conductors, how zealously they work and how little they are known!

At rehearsals, peculiar things happen. Some singers must be coached not only in the music, but in the language.

At a performance of the Century Opera Company, a singer gave out this phrase, "I luff her myself, ant I must haf her." The stage official, who was also of the same nationality as his singer, said, "That is bad—we must have good English. Say it like this: I luff her meinself, ant I must haf her!"

PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month

"BAB": Amusing comedy of sub-deb. life delightfully acted by Helen Hayes.

"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.

"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.

"CALL THE DOCTOR": Highly diverting comedy, superbly interpreted.

"ENTER MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.

"FIRST YEAR, THE": Delightful comedy of newly married life with that inimitable comedian Frank Craven and excellent cast.

"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.

"GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.

"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.

"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.

"JUST SUPPOSE": Old fashioned love story, with exquisite sentiment and admirably acted.

"LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.

"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.

"MARY": Typical Cohan musical comedy success—with pretty girls, excellent comedy and bewitching melodies.

"ONE": Impressive drama dealing with psychic phenomena, admirably acted by Frances Starr.

"OPPORTUNITY": Exciting Wall Street drama.

"SKIN GAME, THE": Stirring and interesting play of class conflict in England today.

"SWEETHEART SHOP, THE": Musical comedy of more than ordinary quality, and with delightful score.

"TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS": Amusing comedy of the war's aftermath.

"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitabe Frank Tinney.

"TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.

"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.

"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1920": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.

(Circle)

CAROL RAY

Beauty is not everything on the stage, but, combined with versatility, it may lead far. This young actress, who danced this season in "The Rose Girl," is now playing a part in "The Mirage"

Photo
Nickolas Muray

BEATRICE BAYARD

One of the models in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and to be seen this winter in a new Selwyn production

Edward Thayer Monroe

Edward Thayer Monroe

ADRIENNE DORÉ

Formerly of the Century Roof, this interesting player will be seen this Winter in a new Ed Royce production

Nickolas Muray

(Left)

ROSE ROSANDER

A former Morgan dancer, seen this season in "The Rose Girl," and also remembered as appearing with Ed Wynn in "Over the Top"

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN NEW PLAYS

12-664

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

No. 5. HELEN HAYES

HELEN HAYES has not gone through life to nineteen unspanked. No indeed, emphatically, maternally, *no!* Her mother is my authority for the intimate statement. When small Helen displayed such wicked traits as unreasoning stubbornness and disobedience she was thoroughly, resoundingly spanked—even though her father retired to the next room and covered his ears with cupped hands during the process.

Helenette didn't approve of corporal punishment in those days of discipline. So strongly did she disapprove it that she stood stoutly at six years of age before the conscientious administerer of the punishment and said, "You are not my mother. If you were you wouldn't punish me."

Whereupon, more spanking.

Don't fancy, with a tender sinking of the heart, that the Cora of "Clarence" and the child of a childless couple's fancy in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," was a broken spirited child. Her small, dark eyed mother smiles too often and is too girlish herself to wield a heavy hand. But the rod was not spared, even though it may have been wrapped in velvet.

Which may be a reason why nineteen year old Miss Hayes is reasonable as well as spontaneous. She is an only child. Her mother did not wish to rear one of the self-centered, introspective, self-sufficient species. Therefore and wherefore discreet correction.

The result is what? At any rate a young person who is exceedingly popular in the companies in which she plays. One who "can't understand why some think actors are quarrelsome. I never had a quarrel in a company and I never will." When she was leaving the "Clarence" company to give the Bostonians "Bab," the company presented her a loving cup. On the side of the gold-lined, silver urn, beneath the flare of its shining lip, was inscribed "Oh! Clarence!" It was Miss Hayes' frequently recurrent line. Beneath it were the names of the members of the company.

Alfred Lunt, the Clarence, held the cup behind him. He had been drafted to make the presentation speech. He began: "Helen, not all of us have been mothers, but we have all had mothers. And it is the love of a mother which we bear toward you." At least that was the speech which Mr. Lunt had carefully prepared. But he was not allowed to go beyond "not all of us have been mothers." The object of his oratory espied the cup's shining lip protruding from behind his coat. Wherat she burst into tears. "I don't want to leave you," she sobbed. "I don't want to star. I want to stay here always and just play Clarence." Ensued much fretting.

For George C. Tyler this might have been the beginning of an epoch of trouble. But, fortunately, Helen had not gone unspanked. Memories of discipline had done their restraining work. Mr. Tyler expected her to go to Boston to play Bab. She dried her tears, received the cup in her tiny flower-like hands, and kissed everybody "goodbye."

She visualized Mary Roberts Rinehardt's mischievous creature of impulse and self will to the grave Bostonians. The Bostonians smiled as did, later, New York. As rivers widen to meet the bay the smiles extended into laughter. Her vivacious young mother said to back stage visitors, "Helen is playing herself when she plays Bab. She wasn't a goody good child. She had to be spanked sometimes and when she needed a spanking she got it."

HELEN HAYES

Proof of the fact that her spirit was not extinguished by early corrections is found in the way she received the critics' exclamation: "A new Maude Adams!"

"I don't like it a bit" she said. "Miss Adams is adorable. No one could be like her. She is in a class by herself and will stay there. As for me I don't want to be like anyone else, no matter how wonderful. I want to be myself as well as I can. That's success."

Sage conclusion. A few thousand of Helen Hayes' elders would be happier if early they had grasped that truth. Having heard her utter it we observe for the first time that Helen Hayes, whom everyone in the company calls "the dear baby," has a well stocked head set gracefully upon her slender shoulders.

She has dolls but she has memories. She still amuses herself sureptitiously with a brood of strangely variegated toy humans led by Herman. Herman is a Teuton doll acquired before the war. But she classes herself demurely as "an old timer" and astounds one with her recollections. She is a "pal" and a discovery of Lew Fields. She knew Vernon Castle who called her 'Our child.' Charles Frohman tutored her in the art of acting in "The Prodigal Husband." John Drew assisted with amiability and enthusiasm in the tutoring. For if you are, as Miss Hayes, an old timer, you will remember that the sauvest of American actors was the star of that drama.

"When I had to create the rôle of the elfin child, a spirit, not a real child, you know, in "Dear Brutus," I didn't believe I could play it. I worried and cried and wrote letters of resignation from the company and tore them up. I was the most miserable girl on earth. One night I cried myself to sleep. Mr. Frohman came to me in a dream. He stood beside me and looked down ever so kindly as he used to do when I was a little girl. He said: 'Don't be afraid. I will guide you through it.' "That gave me courage. I believe he did help me to play the part."

The "dear baby" of her companies doesn't seem to me at all babyish. Rather is she enveloped by a delicate veil of seriousness. Quite as one may expect. I have never known creative artists who bore even a distant resemblance to a clown. Occasional playfulness of spirit they have. It flashes across "the little Hayes girl's" face as sunlight over a lake. But even while you admire it is gone and thoughtfulness descends upon her.

She is composed chiefly of herself and baffling resemblances. She is as small as Mary Pickford and has the same coloring, fair as to hair and dark as to eyes. She has the fragility of Frances Starr and her gravity. Like Billie Burke she has sudden, merry impulses. If being natural and having odd, little, tricky manners is being like Maude Adams she is like her.

She is of Washington. While she was in the acute stage of correction to which I earlier referred she danced at a child's pantomime in the capital city. Lew Fields who was playing in the city attended the dancing school commencement. He wrote to its mistress: "I enjoyed the occasion. You have a child, Helen Hayes, who is so clever that if she ever goes on the stage I should like to know it."

Eventually, Mr. Fields engaged her for "Old Dutch." She remained with him four years. She passed thence under John Drew's banner. George Tyler engaged her for the second "Pollyanna" company. Broadway's acquaintance with her began in Barrie's fantasy at the Empire. Then "Clarence." Then "Bab."

ADA PATTERSON.

Photocraft

ACT II. "THE FIRST YEAR"

(From left to right) *Frank Craven, Hale Norcross, Leila Bennett, Roberta Arnold, Mercita Esmonde*

Mr. Craven endeavors to keep up appearances under difficulties

ARTHUR ELDRED AND HELEN HAYES IN "BAB" AT THE PARK THEATRE

White

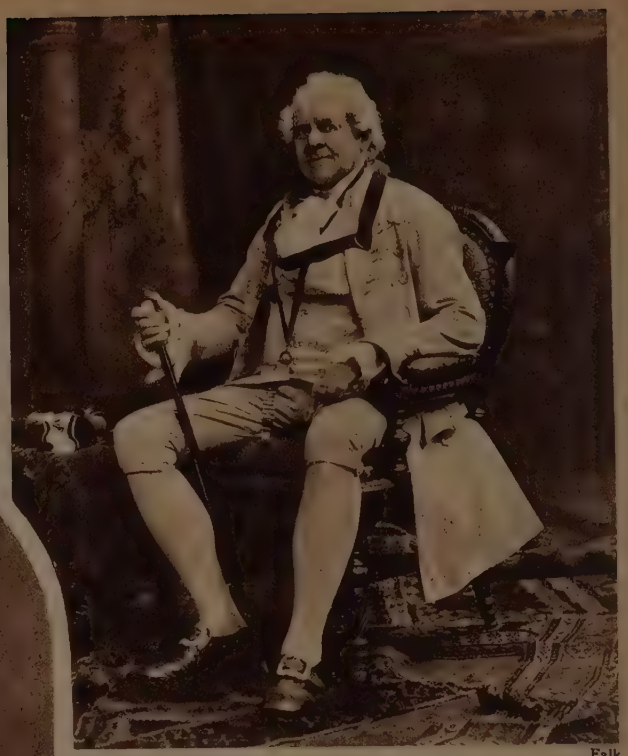
OTIS SKINNER (Center) IN MAJOR MASON'S LONDON SUCCESS "AT THE VILLA ROSE"

THRILLS AND FUN IN DRAMA AND COMEDY

OLD FAVORITES

JOHN GILBERT

This fine actor was born in 1810 and died in 1889. Making his début in 1828, he remained on the stage until the time of his death, even from an early age having been principally associated with "old man" rôles, in which field he was without a peer, his extensive repertoire including Sir Peter Teazle, Abbé Constantin, Sir Anthony Absolute and Mr. Hardcastle. He was born in Boston, and there he died.



Falk

CLARA MORRIS

Although Sarah Bernhardt, who was born in 1845, and Ellen Terry, who was born in 1848, are still acting, and recognized as the greatest in France and England respectively, Clara Morris, who was born in 1846, has long since been in retirement. She was formerly considered the greatest actress in America, through her emotional performances in such pieces as "Man and Wife," "Article 47" and "Camille." She was at the height of her fame in the 70's, under the managements of Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer

Falk

LAWRENCE BARRETT

Characterized by William Winter as "one of the noblest figures of the modern stage," Barrett was born in Paterson, N. J., and made his stage début in that city in 1853. He co-starred with Edwin Booth from 1887 until his death in 1891, his greatest parts being Cassius, Hamlet, Lear and Shylock

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BIJOU. "THE SKIN GAME." Tragic comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced Oct. 20 with this cast:

Jill	Joan Maclean
Mr. Hillcrist	March Allen
Fellows	Horace Pollock
Mr. Jackman	Tracy Barrow
Mrs. Jackman	Lillian Brennard
Mrs. Hillcrist	Cynthia Brooke
Dawker	Arthur Bowyer
Mr. Hornblower	Herbert Lomas
Charles	N. St. Clair Hales
Chloe	Josephine Victor
Rolf	Robertson Braine
An Auctioneer	Ernest Cossart
A Country Solicitor	Ashton Tonge
The First Stranger	Douglas Garden
The Second Stranger	Ashton Tonge
Anna	Shirley Gale

IF one compares, "The Skin Game" with either "The Silver Box" or "Strife," earlier plays from his pen, I think it must be agreed that John Galsworthy is not advancing in his rôle of playwright. Nevertheless, the American public should prove responsively grateful for this, his latest offering. There is little of pure drama on the boards today, and those who like some deviation from the innumerable comic trivialities, so prevalent, will take genuine pleasure and derive real enjoyment from this clever, subtle and unflinching presentation of one of the phases of social clash.

An old-time English family, the Hillcrists, have been living residents of a remote county district in England. Into it comes a Mr. Hornblower, an aggressive and unscrupulous business man, who has made himself what he is. He revolutionizes and threatens to spoil the neighborhood by his factories and chimneys. Mrs. Hillcrist snubs the family. The younger generation of the opposing camps are friendly.

War breaks out. In the struggle for certain land, Hornblower's money wins. To set the victory aside, Mrs. Hillcrist takes advantage of her knowledge of the shady past of Hornblower's daughter-in-law. The battle rages with all the ups and downs of real warfare. The daughter-in-law attempts suicide and the conclusion shows that the blooded gentry has won, but as Hillcrist comments as the curtain rings down: "What is gentility worth if it can't stand fire?"

This is all exploited with the literary skill of which Galsworthy is a master. The dialogue is trenchant, opposite and timely. The characters are ably defined, the clash presented with balanced fairness. The company with the exception of Josephine Victor, as the daughter-in-law, is entirely English. It is not brilliant nor, indeed, wholly competent to bring out the inner depths of Galsworthy's philosophy, which by no means relieves Mrs. Hillcrist's character of a "cattiness" difficult to condone. Played by Cynthia Brooke, it seemed unnecessarily hard. The dominating Hornblower was strongly and effectively personated by Herbert Lomas. Marsh Allen superficially indicated the really nice and noble instincts of Hillcrist and the daughter, Jill, with youth's impulsive impressions of right and wrong, was brought into nice and pleasant relief by Joan Maclean.

Two distressed tenants were characteristically treated by Tracy Barrow and Lillian Brennard.

39TH STREET. "THE OUTRAGEOUS MRS. PALMER." Play in four acts by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Produced Oct 12 with this cast:

Rovena Herrick	Miriam Elliott
Carton	Eugenie Blair
Cardigan North	Herbert Standing, Jr.
House Maid	Louise De Voe
Brandon Sullivan	Henry E. Dixey
Leble	Luis Alberni
Marcelle	Edith Rose Scott
Miss Tripp	Jane Evans
Mrs. Cardigan North	Mary Young
James Holden	Franklin George
Oosy Woozy	Boi Loo-Ylang
Philip Palmer	Raymond Hackett
Mrs. Rollins	Minna Gale Haynes
Miss Clara Beebe	Florence Edney
Guy Dunn	Frank Dekum
Natalie Thompson	May Collins

THERE is nothing outrageous about Mary Young's "Mrs. Palmer." Her's is a deft, sympathetic, and wholly delightful performance, quite one of the acting treats of the season. True, a temperamental character part can cover a multitude of dramatic sins, and it does in this instance. But they are the sins of the playwright, and should not, in fairness, be visited upon the star.

"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," is anything but a good play. Mr. Gribble flaunts clap-trap in the very face of his orchestra leader; he is guilty of situations wherein characters behave as never human beings have behaved since they became human; he gives "sob lines" to an ingenue aimed to break the heart-strings of the audience, which, on the night I viewed the entertainment, broke not a string.

Mrs. Palmer is an actress of the ultra temperamental variety. I understand that Mrs. Pat Campbell was in the author's mind as the inspiration of his character. All men love her and she loves all men; until one day her son returns from somewhere, big and tall and handsome and she stops loving other men in order to love him. Incidentally, there is a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of the Electra complex in her attitude. I should like to see Miss Young convey a somewhat more maternal emotion. The son goes off to war after a scene with his mother which estranges them, coming as the result of the mother's announcement to the son's fiancée that he is illigitimate. The fiancée being a modern young lady apparently blames the son for being so careless in the matter of his birth and calls off the engagement. And so on.

Much balderdash ensues, and there is a terrible last act. But through all of it shines the brilliant work of Mary Young. Her interpretation of the rôle is one of the fine things of the year. The lover of good acting should see it.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "HITCHY KOO, 1920." Extravaganza in two acts. Book by Glen MacDonough and Anne Caldwell. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced Oct. 19 with these principals:

Raymond Hitchcock, G. P. Huntley, Florence O'Denishawn, Julius Sanderson, Tyler Brooks, Charles Withers, Douglas Stevenson, Charles, Louis and Verna Mosconi, Grace Moore

HITCHY KOO" is entertainment that smacks heavily of big time vaudeville. The Mosconis, that excellent quartet of original dancers, and Charles Wither's "For Pity's Sake" are bodily transplantations from variety. There is a thin libretto of anything but original humor which scarely lives up to the skill of Raymond Hitchcock and G. P. Huntley, an English comedian. The latter is a delighful mime, but there is nothing in "Hitchy Koo's" book which will help give substance to his local fame.

Julia Sanderson is as sweet and as unmelodious as ever. The settings are good, which is more than I can say for the music. By far the best features of the show are the strikingly lovely costumes, specially designed by the admirable Mme. Rasimi.

HENRY MILLER'S. "JUST SUPPOSE." Comedy by A. E. Thomas. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Kingsley Stafford	George Pauncefort
Hannibal	Lawrence Eddinger
Mrs. Stafford	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Mr. Warren	William J. Keighley
Linda Lee Stafford	Patricia Collinge
Hon. Sir Calverton	Leslie Howard
George	Geoffrey Kerr
The Marquis of Karnaby	Fred Kerr

A PRETTY story, heavily indebted to "Old Heidelberg" for all of its ideas and most of its situations is this narrative of love-at-first-sight between the heir to the British throne and a sweet Virginian girl. In all frankness, I cannot say that the author is entirely successful in avoiding the saccharin, but those who like tales about love's young dream will find much that is exquisite and entertaining in Mr. Thomas's play.

Love at first sight is a perilous dramatic ingredient. The novelist can play with it to his heart's content, for your book reader believes what he is told. An audience, however, is inclined to draw its own conclusions, and for that reason the comedy's title is helpful in creating illusion, giving as it does, imaginative, if not actual, credence to the fierce flame of love which instantly bursts out in the hearts of H. R. H. and Linda Lee when they gaze upon each other for the first time. If there is any truth in the theory that members of an audience live the lives of the characters unfolded before them, some precious thrills await the young ladies who might enjoy a delirious moment under a Virginia moon in the arms of the most important young man in the world!

There is a needless haste in the play's development, which precipitates the end at the close of the second act. The third and last act merely repeats and gains nothing. On the contrary, there is an anti-climax and in the absence of the humor which pervades the earlier acts, some of the play's charm is lost.

Dramatic force and pathos mark the scenes in which the perturbed British ambassador, played with fine unction and authority by that admirable comedian of the old school, Fred Kerr, essays to keep both young people appraised of the fact that George Chester is not George Chester at all, but England. Beautifully handled, also, are the difficult scenes between the lovers, and on the whole, it is a delightful and charming play.

Patricia Collinge looked lovely and acted with skill the part of Linda Lee, the Virginian beauty who plays such havoc with the royal affections. Geoffrey Kerr was sympathetic as the princely lover, but he did not look H. R. H. Robust, with a rather thick set figure, nothing about him either in bearing or speech suggested the blood royal. Leslie Howard, as an Embassy attaché, injected welcome humor into the sentimental scenes, and dear old Mrs. Whiffen, survivor of a better theatrical era, was a delight as Linda's aristocratic mother.

LITTLE. "THE FIRST YEAR." Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven. Produced Oct. 20 with this cast:

Roberta Arnold	Grace Livingston
William Sampson	Mr. Livingston
Maude Granger	Mrs. Livingston
Tim Murphy	Dr. Anderson
Lyster Chambers	Dick Loring
Frank Craven	Thomas Tucker
Leila Bennett	Hattie
Hale Norcross	Mr. Barstow
Merceita Esmonde	Mrs. Barstow

STRONG dramatic stuff can be spun out of the most insignificant and humble details of our everyday existence. A veritable crisis can be created by the non-delivery of the Sunday papers, and a dénouement seems latent in the inability of a hired girl to come to work. "The First Year" is full of these precious reflections of our own secret lives, served up in such a way as to emphasize both their humor and their regrets.

In the broader theatrical sense, rather than the purely technical, "The First Year" very nearly approaches being that *rara avis*, "the best play of the season." It is precisely what it is announced to be, a "tragic comedy of the first year of married life." Actually it is a somewhat pastel affair, played in a minor key throughout, happily devoid of what professional dramaturgeons are wont to call "big scenes." The story, the conflict, the suspense, are all, in one sense, thin as air, but, in another, they are as vital as drama can ever hope to be, concerning as they do real people doing real things.

Here we have a typical newly-married embroglio, sans any teeth-gnashing husbands learning the "terrible truth," sans any smut, gloriously sans anything that smells of grease-paint. I doubt not that any hard-boiled Sardovian would, upon learning the story of the piece and being told of its climaxes, nail these to the door of the Little Theatre denying that such twaddle could possibly engage minds that rated Grade B or better. But it does. It engages minds that grade anywhere from A plus to Z minus. See it by all means some time before it leaves town. You'll probably have a few years' time to do it in.

The cast is admirable throughout, Roberta Arnold as the young wife and William Sampson as a comic father, especially distinguishing themselves. But Frank Craven himself, with his unimitable humor, is the whole show.

LIBERTY. "THE HALF MOON." Musical play in three acts. Book by William Le Baron. Music by Victor Jacobi. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Harkins	Herbert Sparling
Mrs. Jarvis	Edna May Oliver
Grace Bolton	Ivy Sawyer
Joe Beckett	Charles W. Lawrence
Anne	Virginia Shelby
Mary Bolton	May Thompson
John Copley Adams	William Ingersoll
Henry Hobson	Joseph Cawthorn
Bradford Adams	Oscar Shaw
Charlie Hobson	Joseph Santley
Estelle	Elaine Palmer
Maggie Green	Maude Eburne

THEATREGOERS of the eighties have pleasurable memories of the phenomenal London success, "Our Boys." In "The Half Moon,"

the illiterate but kind-hearted butler is an American Pork packer, a rôle which gives Joseph Cawthorn a free and liberal hand for the projection of his rich and juicy humor. With the exception of a few brief interludes of rather soggy fun, we have a polite, genial and amusing musical comedy. It is presented with nice distinction, costumes are in good taste, the stage settings suggest refinement and the general atmosphere is more politely rarified than is usual in productions of this description. The unctuous kindliness of the packer and the patrician calm of the proud-blooded son of Massachusetts, the two fathers, is nicely contrasted and the manner in which the course of love in their respective cases is so rudely interrupted, only to be adjusted happily in the end, makes for some nice scenes of drama and humor.

William Ingersoll is the Proud Papa, a rôle which he plays with sustained dignity, while his sister is personated by Edna May Oliver with admirable address and an artistic devotion to conventional form. Very engaging in youthful vivacity, charm, adolescent enthusiasm is the quartet of young lovers, Ivy Sawyer, May Bolton, Joseph Santley and Oscar Shaw, while two servants, Elaine Palmer as a parlor maid dancing sprite and Maude Eburne as a charwoman lend sprightliness and comic unction to their several scenes. The stage management of Fred. C. Latham presents many adroit and original touches, while Victor Jacobi's score is well above the average. It is scored with fine musical dexterity and its songs, sentimental and otherwise, have graceful interest, lilting suavity and melodious dash.

BOOTH. "The Prince and the Pauper." Play in four acts by Amelie Rives, founded on Mark Twain's story. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

Mistress Canty	Mary Rehan
Nan Canty	Madeleine King
John Canty	Reginald Barlow
Tom Canty	Ruth Findlay
Prince Edward	Ruth Findlay
Hugh Gallard	Lowden Adams
Princess Elizabeth	Clare Eames
Sir Thomas Seymour	John Anthony
Margery Mallow	Harda Daube
Francis	Harold Webster
Ralph Hendon	Walter Sherwin
Earl of Hertford	Montague Rutherford
Miles Hendon	William Faversham
Mad Anthony	Cecil Yapp
Moll—A Gypsy	Gertrude Davis
Andy	Harry Kittredge
Lord Crammer	Alexander Loftus

THE absurdity of the star system was never more strikingly demonstrated than on the first night of "The Prince and the Pauper," when Miss Clare Eames—seen only once before on Broadway, in a small part in "Déclassée—won hands down the honors and applause which, by all laws and customs of the theatre, are reserved for the star.

Miss Eames has only a small part —that of the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Edward VI, but she played it with consummate artistry. Admirably "made up," with flaming red hair, and historically correct as to costume and manner, she looked like a Holbein canvas descended from its frame. The traditional mannerisms and traits of England's Virgin Queen—her shrewish irascibility, quick wit, strong imperious will, her flashes of passionate ardor, her ambition, hates, her regal bearing, gestures, intonations — all were sketched with such authority, *finesse* and sureness of touch, that I sat back and gasped: "There's an actress!"

There have been several stage versions of Mark Twain's well-known story. The present one, by Amelie Rives, is no better, no worse than its predecessors. Arranged in seven tableaux, we see the frail, little Edward, son of Henry VIII, changing places for a prank with poor Tom Canty, whom he strangely resembles, the pauper assuming the splendors of royalty and the prince lost in the labyrinth of London's unsavory slums. Harried by the town roughs, who mock him when he discloses his identity, the royal lad is in actual danger when the gallant Miles Hendon appears on the scene with his trusty rapier and puts the tormentors to flight. Then the scene in Hendon's attic, where the soldier-adventurer, amused by the boy's pretentions and serious manner, lends himself to what he considers a whimsical fancy. Then a royal kidnapping and more adventures, followed by a quick change to the palace where the beggar boy is overwhelmed and terrified at the honors and splendors heaped upon him, and the real prince is eventually restored to the throne of his ancestors. These are the principal scenes in a play interesting enough, no doubt, to juveniles, but hopelessly old-fashioned and painfully obvious throughout.

The rest of the cast were tame by comparison with the fine performance by Miss Eames. The single exception, perhaps, was the excellent acting of Cecil Yapp, as the insane old sot, Mad Anthony. Mr. Faversham, never entirely cured of his old-time propensity to strut, finds in Miles Hendon a rôle dear to his heart. If swagger and rapier thrust, studied attitudes and sonorous speech constitute good acting, nothing could be more satisfying than the star's portrayal of the soldier-adventurer. Ruth Findlay gives a rather colorless performance in the dual rôle of prince and pauper. Her reading was artificial and stilted in the opening scenes, and at no time did she rise above the commonplace, although to do her justice, there is little in the part of any acting value. The actress, however, made a charming picture as the frail, shrinking Kinglet.

GARRICK. "Heartbreak House." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Nov. 10 with this cast:

Ellie Dunn	Elizabeth Risdon
Nurse Guinness	Helen Westley
Capt. Shotover	Albert Perry
Lady Utterword	Lucille Watson
Hesione Hushabye	Effie Shannon
Mazzini Dunn	Erskine Sanford
Hector Hushabye	Fred Eric
Boss Mangan	Dudley Digges
Randall Utterword	Ralph Roeder
The Burglar	Henry Travers

G. BERNARD SHAW evidently takes keen delight in writing lengthy prefaces to his plays, and, personally, I always experience true intellectual stimulation in reading them. But as forewords to what is to come, I don't think they need always be followed. I can see no necessity of reading a "Europe Before the War" symbolism into "Heartbreak House," with which The Theatre Guild has scored a veritable artistic knock-out at the Garrick. To me it is one of those helter-skelter combinations of adventure through which Mr. Shaw puts a varied and superbrilliant number of quasi-humans. It is delightfully bizarre, extravagantly fantastic, perfectly impossible, but withal, splendidly entertaining.

Allow that Mr. Shaw defies all the conventions of a well-made play; granted he is sincere in his arguments or argue that there is not a grain of sincerity in his literary make-up. Take him seriously or set him down as a mountebank, the fact remains that what oozes from his pen fails but seldom to provide

amusement of the very best kind. For this much let us be thankful, whatever his intent or motive.

To analyze or even rehearse the doings of these remarkable people—they assemble for two acts in the home of Captain Shotover, whose living room is a replica of the ship's cabin in which he spent many years—would require a vast amount of space so interdependent are they in their mixed emotions and reactions. Sufficient to say that they principally do nothing but talk, by which they lay bare their inmost soul. It is something like Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," wherein all had to speak the truth regardless of consequences. This makes for the usual showers of paradoxical fireworks and the constant crack and sparkle of verbal pinwheels.

The acting is of the highest order and the performance in almost every particular as satisfying as it well might be. So, too, is the setting of the two scenes designed with fine intelligence by Lee Simonson.

Three characterizations are perfect: Elizabeth Risdon, as Ellie Dunn; Effie Shannon, as Hesione and Dudley Digges as Boss Mangan. The subtlest shade of psychological veracity is indicated with supreme skill. The eccentricities of the Captain are tinged with genial humanity and philosophic reflection by Albert Perry, while Lady Utterword has the nice authority of the true woman of the world.

The interpolated burglar is most amusing as sketched by Henry Travers, while Helen Westley as the old nurse and Ralph Roeder as the neurotic attaché do good work. Fred Eric as Hector and Erskine Sanford complete the cast.

For humor and literary vivacity, "Heartbreak House" should not be overlooked.

BELMONT. "FRENCH LEAVE." Comedy in three acts by Reginald Berkeley. Produced Nov. 8 with this cast:

Corporal Sykes	Dallas Welford
Rifleman Jenks	Harry McNaughton
Mlle. Juliette	Mrs. Coburn
Madame Denaux	Helen Tilden
Captain Glenister	Alexander Onslow
General Root	Mr. Coburn
Lieutenant Graham	Noel Tearle
M. Jules Marnier	Arthur Klein

OF extremely light texture is this little comedy which the Coburns, of "Better 'Ole" memory, are using as a vehicle this season. Much in the same vein as its predecessor, but not nearly so amusing, it has the war as an unseen background and Mr. Coburn appears as a gouty, crusty, old brigadier general, instead of the bewhiskered, bleary-eyed, gin-soaked "'Ole Bill."

The complications are few and of the most obvious kind. The humor—some of it good—is often forced, and grows out of situations so old that there is not much more laughter left in them.

Captain Graham's attractive little wife, defying Army regulations, comes to the headquarters, "somewhere in France," disguised as a Paris singer. The captain's delight on seeing her is modified when he realizes that her mad prank renders him liable to court martial. His annoyance is heightened by the fact that the gallant old general and a sentimental lieutenant immediately proceed to make violent love to the supposed singer. The situations arising out of this quadrangle are the usual ones and, while there are amusing scenes, no one need fear jaw dislocation from too much hilarity.

Mr. Coburn, of course, is delightful as the old general. Unfortunately, the part doesn't give him enough to do. Mrs. Coburn is vivacious and charming and wears some stunning gowns as the singer from gay Paree. Dallas Welford, an old-time comic favorite, has little opportunity as a discipline-loving corporal, but he extracts every ounce of fun out of the character.

PARK. "BAB." Comedy in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced Nov. 1 with this cast:

James Archibald	Sam Edwards
William	James Kearney
Mrs. Archibald	Percy Haswell
Leila Archibald	Edith King
Hannah	Helen Gurney
Carter Brooks	Tom Powers
Bab	Helen Hayes
Jane Raleigh	Lillian Ross
Clinton Beresford	Arthur Eldred
Eddie Perkins	Stephen Davis
Guy Grosvenor	Robert Hudson

WHILE "Bab" is, primarily, a play for the adolescent youth and maiden, it is not without its appeal for grown ups. It either reminds us of our growing children, or turns back the clock so that we return to the days of our own raw youth.

"Bab" is a play much like "Seventeen," "Penrod," "Clarence" and others which have among their central figures a boy or girl just developing into manhood or womanhood. Mary Roberts Rinehardt's "sub-deb" stories from which "Bab" was created, are too well known to the public to go into detail regarding them. Helen Hayes, who plays the title rôle in "Bab," and who made an instantaneous hit when she first appeared in the rôle, is decidedly adorable as the piquant, romantic, mischievous, imaginative, affectionate school girl, and catches the spirit thoroughly of the type she delineates. She has excellent support from all the members of the cast who understand well the peculiar mixture of humor and pathos which must be woven into a play of this sort.

KNICKERBOCKER. "MARY." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Book by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. Music by Lou Hirsch. Produced Nov. 8 with this cast:

Jack Keene	Jack McGowan
Mrs. Keene	Georgia Caine
Tommy Boid	Alfred Gerrard
Madeline Francis	Florrie Millership
Mary Howells	Janet Velie
Huggins	Frederic Graham
Gaston Marceau	Charles Judels
Mr. Goddard	James C. Marlowe
Deacon	Gene Richards
Meakon	Wesley Totten
Chicky	By Herself

THE predominating impression after seeing a performance of "Mary," is of having been present at a speed and endurance test. This test is participated in by the chorus, helped on by certain of the principals, who, when they are on view are always in rapid and strenuous motion. It seems impossible that so much vigorous gymnastic work was ever crowded into one musical comedy before.

Otherwise, "Mary" is the conventional type of musical comedy, put on in the usual way, with people in the principal rôles who are adequate to the few acting requirements, but not one of whom can sing. Janet Velie in the title rôle is a newcomer as a principal and was satisfactory. Florrie Millership as a grass widow is sufficiently sophisticated and delivers her lines with plenty of catty venom. Georgia Caine is entirely at home as Mrs. Keene.

Jack McGowan as the hero has a most engaging smile at his command and evinces much sincerity and earn-

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE PRINCIPALS IN "MARY," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WHICH HAS ALL THE QUALITIES OF A TYPICAL GEO. M. COHAN SUCCESS—PRETTY GIRLS, SMART GOWNS AND BEWITCHING MELODIES

(Left) *Jack McGowan and Janet Velie.* (Top center) *Florrie Millership and Alfred Gerrard.* (Right) *Georgia Caine and Charles Judels.* (Bottom center) *Sibylla Bowhan and James Marlowe*

Abbé

JULIA SANDERSON AND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "HITCHY KOO 1920" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

This clever farceur and charming comedienne manage to extract good entertainment out of old material

Photocraft

FRED STONE

***As a cheerful, irrepressible** Indian, this inimitable comedian scores another hit in the musical extravaganza, "Tip Top," at the Globe Theatre*

FAVORITE FUN MAKERS IN MUSICAL COMEDY

MUSIC MAD NEW YORK

Brilliant Opera Season Opens at the Metropolitan

By FRANK H. WARREN

IF we reckon by quantity, New York has become the musical metropolis of the world. Between last October and next May, everybody can have found something to suit his musical taste. For, beside opera by the Metroplitan forces, with a million dollar subscription sale, and the Chicago company, returning for six weeks late in January, more than two hundred orchestral concerts are scheduled for the season, divided among the three local orchestras and visiting symphonic bands from Milan, Italy, led by the skilled Toscanini; Boston, Philadelphia, and Detroit, with a probability of Chicago and Cincinnati hurling their representatives at us. Add, to this, chamber music organizations, plus recitals by pianists, violinists, other instrumental soloists and singers, and the deluge is complete.

In spite of a month or more of earlier concerts the big gun of the season is not officially fired until Mr. Gatti-Casazza raises the Metropolitan Opera curtain upon Enrico Caruso and his collection of priceless throated singers. The operatic bombardment began Monday night, Nov. 15, with a performance of Jacques Halevy's "La Juive," old-fashioned, bombastic and houp-la. It was attended by all the now familiar concomitants of society resplendent, gathering of the city's musical clans, lobby promenading, lobby gossip, excitement and general much-ado. That Caruso was singing was sufficient, but it may be added that others in the opening performance were Rosa Ponselle, Evelyn Scotney, Orville Harrold and Leon Rothier with Artur Bodanzky in the conductor's chair to keep the squeaks from being heard too plainly.

INASMUCH as Mr. Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has at his command the largest number of artists and can offer the greatest variety of entertainment, music followers in New York usually look to him to set the pace for the season. Mr. Gatti is serving his thirteenth music feast and, as in other years, his menu contains not only the customary revivals but, to us, two brand new dishes. One is the opera, "The Polish Jew," by the Czechoslovak composer, Karl Weis, to a libretto by Victor Leon and Richard Batka. Bohemian, the tongue in which the book was written, being a bit beyond the lingual accomplishments of the Metropolitan artists, the opera will be given in English. Mr. Weis, who is close to sixty, is a composer of German and Czech operas that are familiar to Prague opera-goers. "The Polish Jew" was first given there in 1901.

And while on the subject of English texts it may be said that, encouraged by the reception of "Parsifal" in English last year, Mr. Gatti has added "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolda" in the English language to his repertoire. Old translations of these works have been utilized.

The Metropolitan's directing forces held off for a long time on Charpentier's "Louise" and Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," operas that Oscar Hammerstein introduced to the local public. Why Charpentier's work was outside the fold for years is a matter for conjecture. Anyhow, "Louise" is to bring intimate Paris to the Metropolitan stage. Whenever this opera is mentioned knowing ones usually start humming "Depuis le Jour" and speaking of Mary Garden. But Geraldine Farrar is out after the Chicago prima donna's laurels, for she has the title rôle at the Metropolitan.

ANDREA CHENIER" has never been given at the Broadway house. Mr. Hammerstein produced it in 1907-08 with Eva Tetrazzini in the chief female rôle.

Boito's "Mefistofele," heard back in 1907-08 at the Metropolitan, was Mr. Gatti's first revival of this season. The Russian artist, Boris Anisfeld, who painted "The Blue Bird" last year, has designed some weird settings for this piece.

For data on "Don Carlos," another promised revival, with Caruso singing, one would have to browse through the programmes of the oldest living opera-goers. This is one of Verdi's works that the Italian master revamped later in his career. In style it may be bracketed with "La Forza del Destino" and "The Masked Ball."

The other novelty on Mr. Gatti's table is entitled, "Il Carillon Magico," The Magic Chimes, officially designated a mimic symphony comedy. It is a ballet in three scenes and is the work of Pick-Mangiagalli and is said to have found success in Europe. The light-footed Rosina Galli, the non-warbling star of the Metropolitan, is the ballet's chief protagonist, as Mr. Gatti puts it, and all the evolutions are her own.

In the company's personnel there are few changes. The list of conductors is unchanged but a new stage producer and director, Samuel Thewman, has succeeded Richard Ordynski. Mr. Thewman comes from the Opera of Prague.

OF the singers, Emmy Destinn has returned to the fold and Cora Chase, an American coloratura, will divide with Mabel Garrison, operas that call for trills, cadenzas, and other vocal embellishments that amaze. A welcome bit of news is that Lucrezia Bori, whom vocal difficulty has kept from the singing lists for several years, will reappear the latter half of the season. Who can forget her impersonation of Ah-Joe in "L'Oracolo" or of Fiora in "L'Amore dei Tre Re?"

Then there is Benjamin Gigli, tenor from La Scala, and Guiseppe Danise, a baritone, besides a dozen lesser lights to help rule the nights.

Perhaps a legitimate music note is the announcement that the opera directors have added to their board, Frederick A. Juilliard and George Eastman, of Rochester, a genuine patron of music and father of the kodak. Hereafter, why not kodak as you go—to the opera?

Not to be outdone by Mr. Gatti's activities, the local symphony orchestras have been hot on the trail of patronage. The National Symphony, reconstructed and reorganized from last season's New Symphony, whose tempi destinies Artur Bodanzky directs, got away to an early start in order to complete its season's schedule. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony chose the final day of October for their plunge into the symphonic sea, and the Philharmonic Society, now in its Seventy-ninth year, with Josef Stransky again at the helm, opened its season in November. So keen is the competition among these three organizations that one conductor apiece is not sufficient. Consequently, the National Symphony has summoned Wilhelm Mengelberg, conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, to share, for three winter months the baton with Mr. Bodanzky, who is doubly busy with opera. Alfred Coates, a conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra and at Covent Garden, is a guest conductor at Mr. Damrosch's invitation, and Henry Hadley, American composer-conductor, is associate conductor of the Philharmonic. Each band has its staunch adherents and which is the best is a daily matter for lobby discussion.

OF the artists who have been heard in recital, Josef Lhevinne, pianist, received universal commendation. Leopold Godowsky, pianist, played his new "Triakontameron a group of thirty pieces in triple time on all sorts of subjects from Moonlight to Syncopation; ingenious and interesting. Ottilie Schillig, soprano, emphasized the fine impression she created last year as a singer of uncommon gifts.

Coming to Ervin Nyredghazi, a Hungarian pianist, and but seventeen, we have the sensation of the thus far season. Already he has played three times. Besides his unusual technical gifts and talent, he has that something different, that individuality, that so many are on the lookout for. Mishel Piastro seems to be the best of the new violinists.

Of the familiar stars, Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave an extremely finished piano recital, and Fritz Kreisler again demonstrated that he is still the king of fiddlers.

The London String Quartet in their series of concerts proved that they are worthy of the platform of our own Flonzaleys.

Maurice Goldberg

ROSINA GALLI

Premiere danseuse and ballet mistress at the Metropolitan. Mme. Galli will be the "star" of the new Symphonic ballet, "The Magic Chimes"

WILLIAM MENGELBERG

Conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, Holland, who is coming to New York to conduct the concerts of the National Symphony orchestra for three months

MANNA ZUCCA

One of the best known and most promising of New York's musician composers. She is represented on nearly every singer's programme

Maurice Goldberg

ARTUR BODANZKY

This busy conductor divides his time between the Metropolitan and the National Symphony Orchestra, an organization that is developing rapidly under his skilled baton

LUCREZIA BORI

Soprano, whose loss for the last few years has been keenly felt in operatic circles. She returns to the Metropolitan this season

© Mishkin

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE MUSIC WORLD

It Takes Four to Make a Play

THE AUTHOR

I'm sending you a four-act play
  That's full of sex appeal,
I hope you'll read it right away,
  And tell me how you feel.
The play is crammed with modern stuff
  That ought to cop the coin;
Just here and there a trifle tough,
  But mostly tenderloin.

THE MANAGER

I've read your play with deepest zest,
  Will sign contract today;
Let's hope it stands the acid test
  When once it strikes Broadway.
Am glad you choose a woman theme,
  If Mayor will enjoin,
We'll have 'em coming in a stream
  And simply rake in coin.

THE CRITIC

This is the sort of sewer play
  That's built to draw the crowd;
Such scum as this means race decay—
  It should not be allowed.
We must deplore the current fad
  To teach upon our stage
That all mankind at heart is bad,
  And life's a smutty page.

THE PUBLIC

I went to see Rotwood's new play!
  Of course it's rather strong,
But not enough to make one say
  That, morally, it's wrong.
I took my wife the other night—
  She thought it was "some show."
It seems to me the play's all right,
  If I were you, I'd go.

—Edwin Carty Ranck.

Photo Nickolas Muray

DORIS KENYON

After dashing in, out and under beds on the stage in "The Girl in the Limousine," Doris Kenyon has settled down to the more even pace of screen productions. When not engaged in acting behind footlights or in the studio, Miss Kenyon writes slim little volumes of very charming verse

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH

THIS month, like Thackeray's novel, has been a story without a hero. Nothing could be more cheering to the devoutee of realism than the increasing number of plays on stage and screen which refuse to feature demi-gods as the central figure in their plots. That tailor-made dummy which used to stalk through our film action like an animated wax figure in a man's furnishing store, is being replaced by real human beings whose authors have actually dared to mingle a few faults with their super-human virtues. It is a healthy and progressive sign to find that the old-fashioned hero, too good to be true, is at last in a class with the last rose of summer.

TWO of the most forceful and significant films of the month have as their principal figure the man who went wrong. These characters are not traced in maudlin, or sentimental, lines, but drawn boldly as if defying the audience to accept them as they are. As the result of this treatment, Lionel Barrymore has been permitted to create a new screen character which is as great as any of his stage rôles.

He dominates an excellent screen version of "The Devil's Garden," which was adapted from the successful novel by W. E. Maxwell. His rôle is that of William Dale, a village post-master who learns that his wife has compromised herself to save his position in an English town. In this sullen, arrogant character, Barrymore has caught the dumb entreaty, the helpless grouping for sympathy that is found in these individuals whose emotions are inarticulate. We are not familiar enough with the novel to know whether Maxwell emphasized this point. But Barrymore does, and in this lies the strength of his production.

His picture is not all character study—there is also the melodrama which descends in a torrent of violence. It is the turbulant life story of a man whose naturally gentle impulses are strangled by the imps of malice which dance in the devil's garden—the human heart. The part the wife plays is used to its best and cruelest advantage. It is a "La Tosca" theme in an "Esther Waters" setting. But it's real, in fact, its only reason for being filmed, is Lionel Barrymore.

THE other powerful film with an outlaw as its central figure was presented in "The Great Redeemer." This is a curious mixture of melodrama and mysticism with a brooding atmosphere about it which sets it apart from the usual wild west thriller. A train robbery, done in the best Bill Hart manner, provides the principal sensation in the melodramatic part. It is the average order of "horse opera" swiftly directed and staged.

The second mood which deals with the hero in prison is quite another and more serious matter. Its real spirit is in the penitentiary scenes which are built out of solitude and the shadow of prison bars and "the little patch of blue which prisoners call the sky." In fact, all these pictures suggest "The Ballade of Reading Gaol," very strongly. They were directed by Maurice Tourneur who, we are sure, had the Oscar Wilde poem in his memory and communicated it (perhaps unconsciously) through the shadows on the screen.

House Peters plays the Erring One in this drama of Crime and Punishment. He puts real force and vitality into the picture of the artist-convict whose sketches on the wall of his cell bring forth a miracle—or an hallucination as you will. Margery Daw plays the girl for whom the redemption is brought about. She fights valiantly with the villain in one scene and comes out victorious with exactly the air of an adorable outraged kitten. The supporting cast is excellent.

THE NORTH WIND'S MALICE," which is the latest Rex Beach tale to be filmed, not only lacks a hero, but has the North Wind itself as its principal villain of its plot. It is a study of the effect of weather on human moods and destinies. This discovery is not altogether original, but its evidences are dramatic and are well known to all of us in the personal drama of our own daily life.

You need not be a playwright to recognize the influence that an evening fog, or a humid afternoon, or the first insinuating breeze of spring, may have on our important decisions. Ask any Californian what "earthquake weather" means and he can tell you, for it is a term as definite as it is non-scientific. In this story, Rex Beach has taken the malicious wind of the North and personified it as a demon of evil which reacts on all the characters in his very stirring tale.

IT is unfortunate that the director has not always done the most that could be done with this original and interesting motif. Toward the end, the main idea becomes lost in the struggles of the characters to assert themselves above their atmosphere and the film degenerates into just another "far North" movie. This may have been done to satisfy the public's imaginary desire for "more action" and to speed up a love-story which is hectic enough to melt all the ice and snow of the Yukon.

Whenever they are permitted, however, the actors catch all the subtleties in the plot with its curious balance in the relations of morals to the barometer. Vera Gordon, who played the Jewish mother in "Humoresque," holds the centre of the screen as she did in the Fannie Hurst play. She has proved that the sudden and unqualified triumph which her debut brought her, was the result of her very power at characterization and not as the accidental appeal in the rôle itself.

As in most of these frozen romances, the background is a refreshing medley of firs and snow-drifts.

IN "Something To Think About," Cecil DeMille has turned from jazz and electric lights to daisy fields and bird-songs. The background is a small New England Village and at first it would appear that this lively director is out of his element so far away from Broadway. But he has proved that he can do as much with apple-blossoms, leafy lanes and chickens (the barn-yard variety) as with the cabarets and Great White Ways of his former pictures. It is only his milieu that is changed, the characters remain much the same and behave in a typical DeMillish manner to the great delight of the matinée girls.

THE story is one of those Pygmalion and Galetea themes which are such a potent aid to the distraced playwright. It deals with one of those scholarly young men who met a gauche but attractive back-woods girl and moulds her manner and accent much as Bernard Shaw's hero did in his own version of the "Pygmalion" legend. In this case, however, the Pygmalion is a cripple and the Galetea is ungrateful enough to elope on the eve of her wedding to him, with a country super-man who has charmed her by his strength and agility.

She meets disaster in this marriage, however, and returns to her Pygmalion to live presumably happy ever after. Thus is Nietzsche refuted in five reels and a prologue.

Gloria Swanson has an unusually subdued role in the characterization of the faithless maiden. It is only in the last reel that she is given a chance to wear her fantastic costumes she delights in, and this only for a few scenes. In spite of this, however, her creation is convincing.

ALICE CALHOUN

A great-grandniece of John C. Calhoun, whose piquant beauty has been an agreeable note in recent pictures. She has done her most successful work in the two reel pictures of the O. Henry stories. Each, as you know, has a whimsical twist at the finish. Usually, Miss Calhoun is the twist

SCENE IN BERT LYTELL'S NEW PICTURE "HELIOTROPE"

The bright particular star of this elaborate production is Bert Lytell, but, as the picture shows a convent scene, he naturally is not included within its gates. The pensive young lady in the foreground is Diana Allen

© Lumiere

NAZIMOVA IN "MADAME PEACOCK"

In the hectic drama, "Madame Peacock," Alla Nazimova surpasses the dazzling bird of the terraces, more famous for ornament than amiability. She is shown here in one of her periodical bursts of artistic temperament

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN RECENT PICTURES

BRYANT WASHBURN

This very energetic young man is back in one of his little stories of married life which always have a moral sugar-coated under the comedy. It is called "An Amateur Devil," but probably is not as wicked as all that. Bryant Washburn has played at least 57 varieties of young husbands

ESTELLE TAYLOR

Twenty reels of continuous vamping is enough to furrow the brow of the most industrious Cleopatra. But Estelle Taylor, who wields a wicked stiletto through the serial of "While New York Sleeps," has apparently emerged looking calmly for fresh victims to conquer

ALICE JOYCE

Notwithstanding the "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" pose, this photograph presents a scène from "Cousin Kate," another stage rôle identified with Ethel Barrymore. Alice Joyce will create it on the screen in a production directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew

Abbe

HARRIET HAMMOND

One of the famous bevy of bathing beauties immortalized by Mack Sennett. Harriet Hammond has also had more important rôles in the plots which have made the custard pie famous throughout the world. The bathing girls are soon to be the basis of a stage production by Al. Woods

PEARL WHITE

This placid and unruffled scene is a far cry from the cliff-swinging and wall-scaling adventures in which Pearl White has built up her reputation for bravery. She has proved, however, that she is as much at home in boudoir scenes as in the wild, wild jungle

MARY CARR

The white-haired heroine of "Over the Hill," who can draw more sympathy from the audience in one forlorn gesture than many screen ingenues in reels of emotional acrobatics. We see her here deserted by her children, a pathetic, feminine King Lear

INTERESTING FIGURES IN THE SILENT DRAMA

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. E. KEHOE

(Upper)

Scene at Herne's Oak in Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as recently done in the Brookside Park Sylvan Theatre by the Pasadena Community Players

(Center)

A scene from "The Maker of Dreams" as produced by the Players Club of Utica

Photo by Frank Scott Clark

The Detroit High School used a set, noteworthy for its simplicity, in their presentation of the operetta, "The Eleventh Hour"

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

By ETHEL ARMES

IN the recent production of the pageant-drama, "Raleigh, The Shepherd of the Ocean," by the citizens of Raleigh, N. C., the high-water mark of community enterprise in the dramatic field was reached. A work of art was achieved.

So radiant an interpretation and presentation of this rare play was given that the people of North Carolina are themselves startled by what they themselves could do. Hereafter, when the phrase "community drama and pageantry" is used, it will have, for North Carolina, a content and a certain noble significance granted indeed to very, very few localities.

In the first place they had a play. Frederick Henry Koch, professor of dramatic literature in the University of North Carolina, is the author of "Raleigh." Secondly, they had as dramatic director, one of the leaders in the small group of present day American dramatic experts, Elizabeth B. Grimball, of Community Service (Incorporated), and thirdly, while they had for actors absolutely untrained people, they were men and women of culture who were so inspired with the message of the play, so eager, sincere, humble, sympathetic and hard-working, that before they realized it, veins of pure gold were uncovered.

North Carolina has done for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration a memorable thing. Perhaps no other state would feel in the presentation of "Raleigh," what the people of North Carolina felt—bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. Ninety-eight percent of the cast was pure Anglo-Saxon—all descendants of the early English colonists. One of the actors was a descendant of Sir Francis Drake. The sword wielded by young Sir Walter Raleigh was one used by an Elizabethan Knight, and loaned by the N. C. Hall of History. The dais used by Queen Elizabeth was the "Virginia Dare" chair carved years ago from wood grown on Roanoke Island, site of the Lost Colony.

The play was given out-of-doors. The baseball park was transformed into "somewhere in England." The stage was constructed against soft green background of natural foliage. The lines—the action of the play, flowed like a silver stream. Old times lived again. Six thousand people witnessed each of the three performances. Only one person in the spell-bound audience, a woman, left before the play was done—"and she left," they say, "because her baby cried!"

THE Community Drama Department of New York Community Service, with Mr. John R. Howard, Jr., director, and Mrs. May Pashley Harris as assistant director, is organized this season to give practical service to neighborhood groups throughout Greater New York. It works in close co-operation with the New York Drama League, and is itself active in the matter of coaching and producing both plays and pageants and is developing a community costume club.

In a bulletin recently issued by the Executive Secretary of the National organization of Community Service (Incorporated), by Mr. Howard S. Braucher, the urgent need of creating and maintaining high standards in drama is emphasized.

"As we develop in the communities in which we are working, various phases of community drama," says Mr. Braucher, "it will be well to keep in mind the need for maintaining the highest standards in festivals, pageants and entertainments held in connection with state fairs, granges, old home weeks, American Legion celebrations and entertainments and money raising benefits given by fraternal organizations. The high standards set in such forms of community drama should go far to counteract the highly undesirable nature of many of the traveling carnivals which go from city to city. While it is not the function of Community Service to undertake the negative censoring side of such carnivals, it should see to it that opportunities for the right kinds of celebration are developed."

AN old abandoned theatre in Buffalo, N. Y., has been secured on an indeterminate lease by Buffalo Community Service. With the help of the different departments of the city and various public-spirited citizens it is being renovated and remodeled into a community theatre.

The Buffalo Street Department cleaned it and furnished a man to do janitor work the year round; The Building Department undertook the necessary repairs and did the electrical work; the City Lighting Company provides the electric current and the Park Department gives the recreational workers. The first use of the theatre was made September 16, in a dance for the Italian colony nearby. It was a great success. A play was given October 19 under the direction of Miss Alice Hunter, who is an expert in drama and pageantry.

As the old building is equipped with assembly rooms, dressing rooms, and a number of large rooms available for checking, for retiring, for dining and sitting rooms and for club purposes generally. Mr. A. R. Fergusson is arranging sub-rentals by local clubs and lodges that promise to pay rent, light and heat. A cosmopolitan committee has been formed by Catholics, Jews and Protestants; business and professional men and women. A number of large employers of labor are co-operating as yearly contributors. This contribution entitles each employer to the use of the theatre at any time when his employees wish to give a festival or play under his name. A winter's program of plays, festivals and dances has been arranged by the people of Buffalo for this new center.

TWO of the latest Pilgrm pageants are: "The Pilgrim's Bride," by Elizabeth Hines Hanley and "The First Winter," by Rosamond Kimball.

"The Pilgrim's Bride," is a pageant for the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration. The theme is the presentation to the Spirit of Liberty of the notable documents granting civil and religious freedom to men, beginning with the offering by Holland of their grant by Marie of Burgundy, continuing successively with Magna Charta, by England; the Legislative Grant to Virginia, by Governor Yeardley; the Mayflower Compact, by Governor Bradley; the Providence Plantation Charter, by Roger Williams; the Maryland Charter, by Lord Baltimore; the Declaration of Independence, by George Washington; the Emancipation Proclamation, by Abraham Lincoln, and President Wilson's Declaration of War against Germany, by the Nation. The finale includes an interlude of folk dancing by all the nations of the earth, and a grand march of review. This pageant can be had in mimeographed form from Community Service (Incorporated), One Madison Avenue, New York City, at a nominal charge.

"The First Winter," is published by the Missionary Education Department of the Interchurch World, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at a nominal charge.

A NEW note in community plays has been struck by Des Moines, Iowa. A demonstration of the social activities of the city in the form of a play was recently given in this progressive western city. The play, entitled, "Big Moments in Life's Problems," was written by Mrs. A. A. Wilson and directed by Edward Riley. It brought in the agencies participating in the Public Welfare Chest of the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce, such as The Day Nursery, The Traveler's Aid, Red Cross Home Service, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Playground Association, The Girls' Community Service League and others, showing in an interesting story aspect the particular work of each organization and the precise results obtained from the public moneys for community welfare and civic progress.

AN A. E. F. Minstrel Show has been written and arranged by McElbert Moore, staff playwright of the 2nd Army Toul., author of the 88th Division show, "Who Can Tell," etc. Information regarding this minstrel show is being sent by the American Legion headquarters to local posts which by application to Community Service (Incorporated), 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, may secure one copy free of charge. It is possible that in some cases Community Service will be able to assist the American Legion post in putting on the show.

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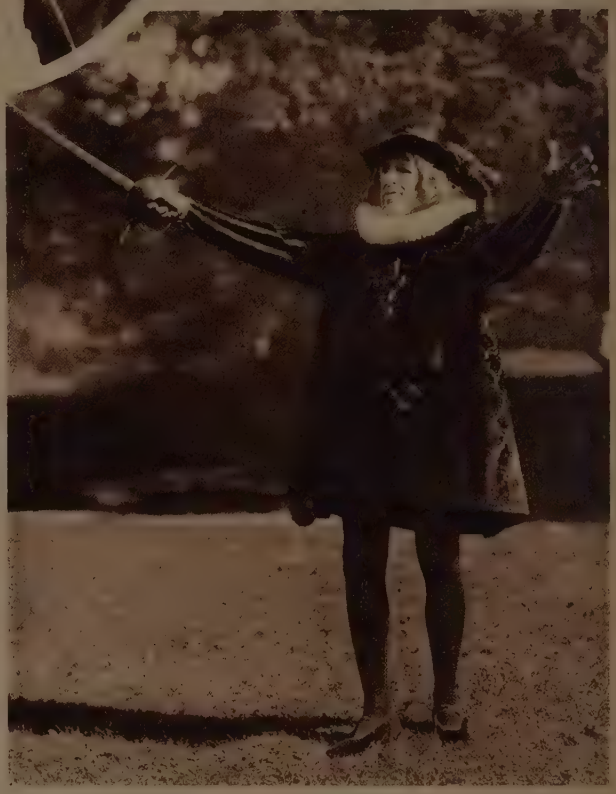
Ceremonials have been especially written for the Legion for the Presentation of the Government Victory Medals.

THE TOWN OF SCARSDALE GIVES A MASQUE ON COLUMBUS DAY

Mrs. Faith Van Valkenburg Vilas, author of the masque, "The Trees of the Blazed Trail," staged in Scarsdale on Columbus Day, by the prominent women of the town, as a part of the dedication services of a community athletics field and playground for the use of the citizens of Scarsdale

Mrs. Glenn Flory, a fascinating reincarnation of "Spain," in the recent Scarsdale Masque



Mr. Franklin Henshaw, who played the part of the great explorer—"Columbus," in "The Trees of the Blazed Trail"

Maidens of Scarsdale in the episode, "Our valley is white with fragrant blossoms in the Maytime of the year"

"THE TREASURE BOX"

A FANTASY OF THE "LONG AGO"

PRESENTED AT THE ROCHESTER EXPOSITION, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

FLORENCE COLEBROOK WETMORE

An old-time girl from "The Treasure Box," in a charming costume in which cambric and cheese cloth play important roles

The Pavanne costume, fashioned of black cambric on which fascinating red and yellow roses were painted in oils

IN every home there is a Treasure Box where have been carefully folded and placed with loving hands, trinkets and locks of hair, old love letters, a patchwork quilt, daguerreotypes, golden curls sacrificed for the grown up boy's pride; the adored rag doll, the Cameo that pinned on Grandma's paisley shawl, a worn book of Fairy Tales where, in fanciful dreams, are woven magic mysteries of fairies who live in castles blue behind a rainbow wall—and last, the Bridal Veil, holding in its folds the charm of centuries—Memories!

The city of Rochester, New York, needed some spectacular evening feature for the annual Exposition and Horse Show, and entrusted the management and production of this "something" to Florence Colebrook Wetmore.

Mrs. Wetmore went about her task from a novel standpoint. She realized that every girl, whether she be the girl of the factory, the busy typist or the pampered débutante, is a lover of the mimic world—all dreamers of dreams with the deep-down hope that one day the mysteries of the kingdom across the footlights will be theirs to explore. She recognized the difficulty of obtaining the necessary number of people who could and would spend weeks in rehearsal and finish with the six performances in a manner worthy of the Exposition. She placed an advertisement in the local papers, calling for volunteers. There were numerous responses—almost all of them from inexperienced young people.

Mrs. Wetmore had a theory that the success of an entertainment such as she proposed to give was not dependent upon previous experience, but that interest, added to the natural ability of the average young person, would produce enough momentum to insure success.

IN order to sustain enthusiasm, all of the participants were encouraged and helped in the making of their own costumes which were of inexpensive fabrics such as cambric and cheesecloth, dyed, silvered or gilded to produce lustrous effects. These effects were very unique—for example—the most elaborate costume, that of the white peacock, was based on a simple wire frame fashioned by the foreman in a wire fence shop in Rochester. It was covered with white cambric with chicken feathers and beads worked in various designs—the eyes of the tail crayoned with colored pencil—and at a total cost of $9.50!

The Louis XIV bride, one of a group of period brides from "The Treasure Box"

The Pavanne costume—the skirt of which was eight yards in circumference—was made on a light steel frame, over which was hung black cambric, oil-painted with red and yellow roses and trimmed with red, yellow and lavendar cambric and gold tinsel cord. The headdress was made of five-and-ten cent store lace guilded. All of the girls made their own sandals from inexpensive insoles laced with guilded tape.

A CINEMA machine flashed the titles introducing each scene, and gave the story of the scene to follow. On the stage, which was sixty-four feet long and forty feet wide—there were three scenes. A large Treasure Box of Chinese orange and gold set in the center of the stage, was the means of producing the Treasures, and from it the performers appeared, stepping from the box down six gold steps to the stage.

The second scene revealed a fountain with a blue wall and a lovely flowered trellis, whence came mist maidens, clouds and swans—a veritable Fairyland of living characters.

The third scene, "Her Bridal Veils," depicted Period Brides, whose costumes were reproduced from Mr. Anderson's Review, "What's In A Name?

The entire effect produced was one of lavish expenditure and artistic taste. As an actual fact, the total cost of the costumes for one hundred and fifteen girls was less than $1,500.

THE case of Rochester is only typical of what the Pageant has done for cities all over the country, and of what it may do for those that have not as yet tried the experiment. The awakening of ambition, the birth of latent talent, the cultivation of civic pride, and last, but by no means of least importance, the opportunity provided for a glimpse into an art that refines, cultivates and uplifts—all of these we owe to Pageantry, which, fortunately for the good of the Community at large, is Paul Revere-ing from Coast to Coast.

12664

An outdoor presentation of "Twelfth Night," at Loretto College

LORETTO COLLEGE AND DRAMATICS

DRAMATICS at Loretto College, Webster Groves, Mo., are a fine blend of Little Theatre, laboratory work for the classes in dramatic literature, and sheer joy of acting. When in 1916 the new College opened its doors in beautiful Webster Groves, just outside of St. Louis, the Muse of Drama seems to have wandered in, looked around, liked it, and unpacked her wardrobe trunk with every intention of staying. And the college girls gave her a welcome that made her distinctly glad she had come.

In fact, the course in dramatic expression was among the first to be offered, and from an original nine, inexperienced, untrained, but eager, the class has expanded until the Loretto Little Theatre, which is the outward expression of the class, includes in some capacity practically the entire student body. Mrs. Anna McClain Sankey, who was placed in charge of the course, brought to her work the essentials of a successful director, infinite patience, contagious enthusiasm, and a knowledge and love of stagecraft. In co-operation with the Dean of the College, she has made her course the most popular offered.

Mrs. Sankey was faced from the start with a double difficulty; her material was green, an altogether unknown quantity; and she had only girls to work with. In spite of this, she set her standards high, impressed upon her first handful of students her own high regard for dramatic work, and insisted that finished productions should be the first aim of the class. Better than that, she succeeded quietly but effectively in creating an enthusiasm that has lasted on in spite of the drudgery of rehearsals under which so many flourishing amateur dramatic organizations

have sickened and died. In a very short time after its inception, the Loretto Little Theatre became the center of a ceaseless dramatic activity that began with the first month of class and ended only with the pretentious production of Commencement Week.

THE method employed at the College is a simple, but extremely effective one. Through a series of small plays a corps of finished players are built up, experienced, sure of themselves, trained in a variety of rôles, who, at the end of the year, are able to grasp and handle a production that taxes the average amateur's abilities. Because of this method, the college theatre is the scene of a series of plays in which, with definite intent, class is pitted against class, newcomer against older student, until the interest has been whipped to top speed and the eyes of the whole student body have been fixed on their theatre.

The result is, of course, a fine community spirit in the theatre, so that no college girl would think of missing a play produced by the drama class, and all, during the course of the year, take their turn as costumers, designers, actresses, and even as electricians and stage hands. Most of the college plays are open to the public; but it is an interesting fact that even when only a student and faculty audience is present, one finds the same keen interest and quick appreciation that can come only to those who know the stage and love it with a love born of experience behind the right side of the footlights.

This spirit of competition and general interest reached its climax in the Commencement Week of 1920, when two complete and distinct casts on two successive nights presented Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

The plays presented during four years have ranged from a skillful adaptation of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," with exquisite care for costuming, to elaborate productions of Mr. Stephen's "The Drawing of the Sword," and Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The plays have represented the more conventional work of the drama class, but have blossomed forth in distinct novelties. Of these a production of Vachel Lindsey's "The Chinese Nightingale," half pantomime, half chant, half music, was the most noteworthy. The better work of the one-act playwrights has found frequent places on the programs. Throughout modern scenic effects and lighting have been employed. (*Continued on page* 60)

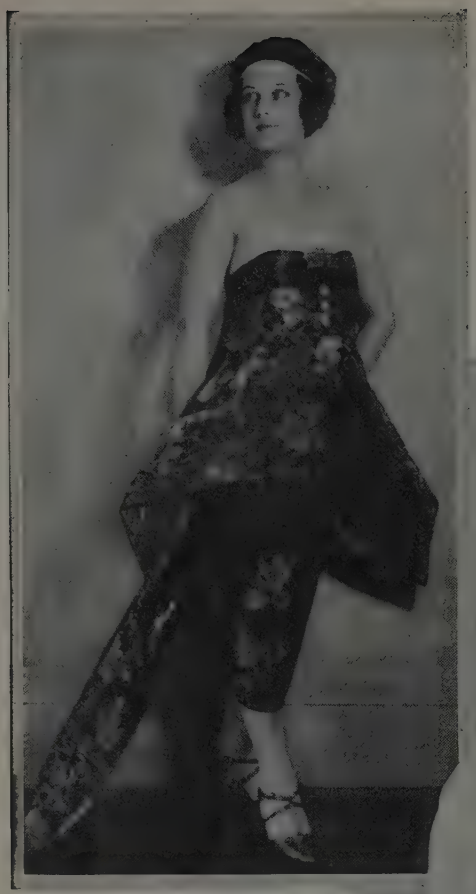
The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan

Florence Walton reflects the evening spirit of Paris in a diamond drop bandeau and the newest designs in jewels and furs

MOST of her gowns are from Callot and Lanvin, with chic accessories carefully selected from *Les petits magasins de Paris*. The silhouette and irregular skirt outlines are notable features of this very smart wardrobe, which is shown in detail on the following page. Above, Miss Walton is posed in a Callot evening gown of jewel embroidered tulle over peach colored satin. Cut on circular lines, it introduces the fuller skirt, which is a persistent rumor in the fashion world. A full length chinchilla wrap is likewise cut on circular lines with collar and cuffs of enormous proportions

FLORENCE WALTON returns to America with an "everything from Paris" wardrobe



A new silhouette for the evening gown designed by Callot. Metal brocade in a blend of flame and gold and purple makes the slim skirt, and a width of the brocade hugs the bust and spreads in low-hanging paniers at the sides without any fullness. The extension is obtained by wiring

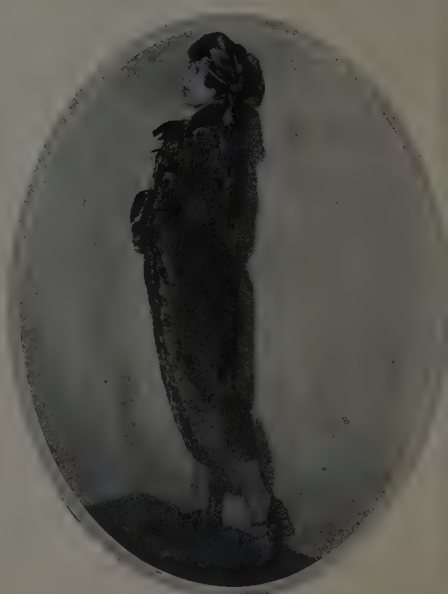
Campbell

One of the new taffeta frocks with a snug fitting bodice and full gathered skirt. Made by Lanvin of course with a design on the skirt done in white crystals

A youthful and novel manner of joining the bodice and skirt is introduced in a Lanvin model of silver tissue and coral chiffon velvet. A rather stiff bolster puff of the tissue rolls about the waist and launches a very chic fashion note. The wrap is of tailless ermine

Four photos by Geisler and Andrews

Lanvin has read the signs of the times, and anticipated the vogue for fur gowns and suits. She has made Miss Walton an unusually smart coat-dress of Mole, which wraps the figure in a slim silhouette



(Left Oval)

A substitute for the fur wrap has been happily solved by Callot. Elephant gray duvetyn with two wide bands of Squirrel on the skirt balances warmly and beautifully with the huge collar and high fur cuffs

MARY YOUNG in the "Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," wears some of the most stunning gowns seen on the stage this season

One piece frock of green duvetyn with a semi-attached collar which swings in a long scarf at one side. It may also circle the throat as a choker

Ira L. Hill

A tunic and low bustle puff of black velvet brocade on gold cloth becomes the over-dress of a long-trained gown of black chiffon velvet. The bustle ends in an irregular drapery continuing the graceful outline of the tunic. A shallow somewhat fitted bodice is encrusted with dull gold beads of varying sizes

Lucille has surpassed herrself in designing this negligée for Miss Young. Chiffon of aquamarine blue drapes over a flesh colored slip. The mysterious way in which the hips are girdled, and the wing-like sweep of the back draperies offer enchanting ideas for the lover of robes intime

You would know it to be a Lucile gown by the very distracting color combination!

It is purple chiffon with touches of turquoise blue velvet which also makes the bodice

Justine Johnstone in Winter Regalia

Miss Johnstone is about to make her screen debut in a new picture—"Blackbirds"

A coat that resembles a street gown has become an absolute rage. At the moment Miss Johnstone is wearing an adorable coat-dress of black duvetyn, trimmed with monkey fur, made for her by Milgrim. Oblong blocks of fur decorate the skirt and deep rolling collar and cuffs

Another coat-dress, not removable introduces a stunning new model. Made of grey kidskin and edged with grey duvetyn, it gathers into a stiff frill at the side, opening over a chamois waistcoat. The black and gold Louis hat will be recognized on the screen

The charming little Colonial frock will doubtless be much copied—it is so quaintly feminine! Made of black velvet, it needs only the collar, fichu and little undersleeves of net edged with Mechlin lace, to complete its beauty. A black velvet hat with bright green, glycerined feathers, gives the only touch of color to the entire costume

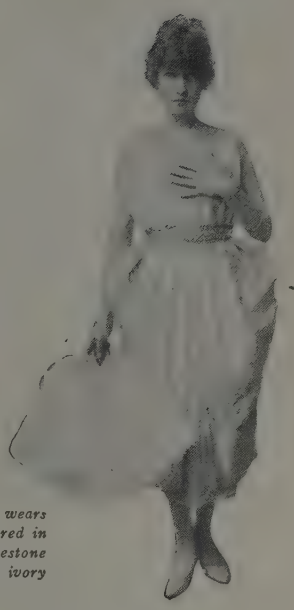
Geisler & Andrews

Miss King wears a Napoleon hat of canary plush with changeable green ostrich feathers

Through the Opera Glass

A glimpse of new fashions on the stage

Vivian Rushmore, as Helen, wearing a white chiffon gown with a bloused panel back and vivid sash of scarlet tulle



Again as Helen, she wears a lilac taffeta embroidered in silver motifs. A rhinestone girdle and a fan of ivory ostrich!

BECAUSE OF HELEN—

or because of Alan Brooks who wrote it, or because of the lovely frocks and fashion ideas, we can't decide which was the most fascinating interest in the play. As scores of women, however, are now viewing a smartly costumed play as they do a fashion magazine, a soupçon of gossip about "what they wear on the stage," will reflect the newest interest of the fashionables.

Petulant and beautiful, with puffs of pale gold hair piled high on her well-poised head, Vivian Rushmore as Helen, wears the simple gowns of a gentle woman. Characteristically American they are, sans the intricacies of many French models. Only the brilliantly colored sashes of tulle catch and hold the eye—sashes that crush about the waist and tie at the side, swinging in lacy ends to below the hem of the frock, which is the last word in smart style.

A pale blue Georgette gave us new ideas for a dinner gown; strings of crystal beads make the blouse bodice to a low waistline, and repeat the arrangement on the skirt, rustling in an airy fringe from hip to bloused hem line. We were fascinated by the posteresque appearance of Carroll McComas as Verna. The first act introduces her in a straight line evening frock of flame colored velvet—very décolléte, held over the shoulder with a narrow band of brilliants. A graceful puff drapery of velvet at the side is the only effort at trimming, and the chic handling of a fragile black lace fan with this costume was only less effective and brilliant than the sparkling dialogue of the play. The spangled robe worn in the second act by Miss McComas boasted one of those amusing little panel backs draped from the sash to under the hem. Again a quaint quill fan, but this time sharing honors with the long tulle sash of jade green.

Carroll McComas in her white spangled gown and sash of jade green tulle

Helen Bolton in "Pitter Patter"

Photo by Ira L. Hill

PITTER PATTER—

A shower of dazzling frocks for Miss Helen Bolton, to say nothing of the demure bouffant gowns worn by the very "peppy" chorus! Off-the-shoulder, snug little bodices with feather-boned, transparent overskirts persist in the 1870 suggestions which are as correct in the ballroom as on the stage. Lace scarfs, Spanish combs and brilliant color introduced in lace and feather fans, flutter through the acts with an undeniable forcast of fashions. The most effective gown is worn by Miss Bolton in the wedding scene and is shown as a silhouette at the left of the page, sans the veil. Spangled and beaded cream net makes the beaded apron tunic which hangs from the shoulder, and shapes like a bib in front. The long train is a feature, made with a heading of full gathers at the proper waistline.

BAB—

Altogether adorable Helen Hayes wears girlish little frocks, leaving the question of style and fashion to Edith King! We were impressed with the importance of color combinations when we viewed the subtle color blendings of the designs made by Bergdorf Goodman. First there was the apple green Crepe de Chine day frock without a sign of ornamentation or color, but made very distinguished by the plumed hat of canary plush, and again the psychology of color was emphasized in an evening gown of gold lace panels over pale lavender taffeta. The photograph at the right gives a faint intimation of the back panel arrangement, attached loosely at each shoulder and draping the entire length, swinging open from the hip. No trimming—no jewel—but a gorgeous fan of turquois blue ostrich feathers.

Edith King in "Bab"

PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THIS

By ANGELINA

EVERY week I meet another woman who is doing something big in business. It makes me very pleased with myself that I am doing a *little* something, anyway. Perhaps in time . . . And it's most interesting to see how far men's antagonism towards possessing wives who work has broken down. A lot you meet don't mind, and a smaller proportion positively like it. I could substantiate with many anecdotes. You'd be surprised . . .

This is à propos of the attractive woman I met the other evening, "at a party." They said we should "take to each other" as we had so much in common. And we did. She is the head and shoulders of a unique specialty shop—carried on since the death of her husband—that I have passed a hundred times or more on Fifth Avenue, without ever having had my footsteps directed inside. I told her so shamefacedly and she laughed, and said then I mustn't let another day pass without paying her shop a visit. Sheridan's . . . You know. Just above Thirty-fourth Street. Shows how some of the best bets in life may escape you by chance, for the want of anyone to signal your attention. I'm not going to let this one escape *you*, you can be sure.

* * * * *

The shop is for the woman who wants clothes—frocks and furs only are carried—that are smart and artistic, but not too extreme. For the woman of taste and refinement. That's been said before, and, with all due respect, not been as true as it might be. Here it is. To which the shop's immense prosperity bears witness.

One goes in on the ground floor, where the furs live. And then below in a cosy lift to a basement room, long and narrow, opening out into a larger one. There is atmosphere created by lights and long mirrors, and simple, but charming decoration. Just the atmosphere in which to select at unhurried ease. Lining the walls from start to finish are wardrobes. And within them every kind of frock imaginable. For day, for afternoon, for evening. In velvet and duvetyn and crêpe and net. The kind of frocks you would like to wear yourself. The kind you would like to see, or would be envious seeing other women wear. Their secret being first of all, that they form a happy harmony in line between fashion and grace; and secondly that they are of most unusual color combinations, colors that usually only the French dare put together.

Such frocks are the two at the sides of the page; one taking its inspiration perchance from some of the old Chinese porcelains, where deep rich ultramarine blues are blended with turquoise greens; and the other, with its black serge and bright green pipings, and red and black and gold bead sleeve hems, from the Russian.

* * * * *

And while we are on the subject of rare color combinations, and of things that you may not have heard about, let me mention the Harry Comlett blouses. If you happen to be wearing one you will, I am sure, echo what I say. And if not, you will want to have one—one? two, several, dozens—as quickly as possible. I have seen nothing else like them in New York, nor the spirit with which they are created. Made in the happiest, sunniest *ateliers*, where from Mr. Comlett and Mrs. Comlett—there's another successful woman in business for you!—down to the humblest of the little foreign hand-embroiderers, each individual seems to be enthusiastically interested in co-operating for the final artistic results. And that the Harry Comlett blouse certainly achieves. Perfection of every detail, exquisite material, beautiful cut, the neatest and tidiest of special finishings, in the way of embroidery, of buttons, of cords and tassels . . . Beyond all such delicious and original color schemes as you have never seen before in blouses! To make your mouth water and exclaim that each one is lovelier than the last! Ladies, step up and get your Harry Comlett blouse now!

A frock whose unusual color scheme of ultramarine blue velvet and turquoise chiffon with gaily colored bead motifs is illustrative of the type of frock found at Sheridan's

Another frock from Sheridan's in black serge with pipings of bright green duvetyn, red and black and gold bead bandings to the hems of sleeves and skirt, and a little vest-tucker of coffee-dipped Swiss embroidery

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"Tally-Ho" is an absolutely new silken weave.

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Barbara Dean of the "Midnight Follies" is snapped in an old fashioned garden. Very unprofessional she appears in a garnet sweater and one of the new Tal-ly-Ho sport skirts

NO sooner has the holiday season past, than fashions for the southern resorts become the chief topic of thought and conversation with the smart women. Curiously enough, women take a peculiar interest in personally selecting the various intimate garments that go to make up the chic sport outfit. It seems to be the one good excuse for wearing separate skirts, and the color combination of skirt and sweater is limitless. The newest sport fabric we know of is called Tal-ly-Ho, a name that carries incidentally a very prophetic vibration. If you think of Eponge—Grenadine—Fan-Ta-Si, and roll them up into one luscious texture, you have this new fabric. The color is introduced more through traceries of thread woven in smart designs rather than through a dyed fabric. The new thing in sweaters which will be seen in the southland is the tailored coat, cut after a coat pattern and very well tailored. The slip-on, roll-up model worn by Miss Dean continues popular for early morning sports.

EILEEN WILSON appearing as T'ien Tao in, "The Lady of the Lamp," has occasion to wear but one American frock in this unusual play. She decides on chemise lines and extreme simplicity as characteristic of the most winsome fashion. The loose over-dress is a robe of crystal beads made over a skimp slip of flesh colored Moon-Glo satin. She wears no jewels save a long, heavy chain of brilliant red beads.

The heels of her satin slippers are bright red to match the very long Oriental chain. This clever new fashion in footwear is evidenced also in jeweled heels

Josef Hofmann at his Steinway

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HIS moving fingers touch the Steinway into life—the master and his instrument are one—there comes a shower of gorgeous sound—a sense of beauty fills the air—there is a hush of breathing while the listener drinks the beauty from each fleeting note. Perhaps the master is Hofmann, perhaps Rachmaninoff. Yesterday it might have been Paderewski. Half a century ago Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein were kings. But whenever the time and whichever the master, the piano remains the same—Steinway, Instrument of the Immortals.

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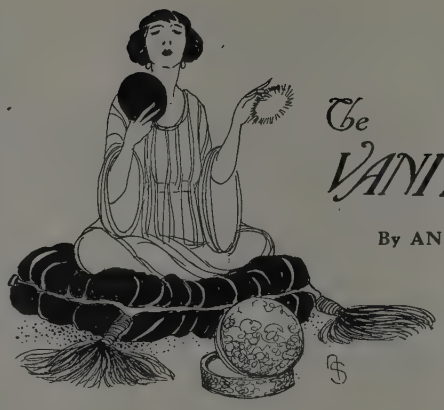

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE were recently in the dressing-room of the lovely Hope Hampton, at the Hope Hampton Studios, during an interval between the taking of scenes for her last picture, while she waited for a new set to be put up. If you've ever been in a moving picture studio you know that this gives you ample time to discuss the affairs of the universe. In the midst of our verbal globe-trotting entered Kate, the maid. She carried over her arm a grey duvetyn skirt and a grey georgette blouse in as perfect a match as one would wish to see. I wondered . . .

"Would you like to see how this blouse came out, Miss Hampton?" said Kate. "I thought you might be wearing it this afternoon for tea at the Ritz."

"Oh, that's splendid, Kate!" replied Miss Hampton. "That's one of the best 'jobs' you've ever done. Yes. Indeed I will wear it this afternoon." Then turning to me with a little laugh, she explained. "When I go out of the pictures, Kate and I are going to set up in the dyeing business. We have accomplished the most wonderful results together in dyeing. I first showed her how, and now she's much more skilful at it than I am. Really, though, the credit is primarily due to those new soap dyes. . But, of course, you know all about them . . . you must have used them." But we didn't. And hadn't.

NO!" exclaimed Miss Hampton. "I find so many women who don't. They're quite marvellous! You'd better tell about them then." And she proceeded to do so herself, as follows:

"I first heard of these particular soap dyes through a friend of mine out West. She told me last year of a home dyeing club she belonged to, where everybody came and compared notes over what they had accomplished and explained how they had obtained their results. It went out of my mind at the time. And then in the spring I happened to want a particular kind of openwork stocking in a particular shade of tan, to match a tan suit. Doesn't a pair of stockings that is just off set your teeth on edge? I hunted all over town and could find every other tan shade but the one I needed.

"Suddenly the dyes my friend had spoken of came back to my mind. I sent Kate out for a cake of the dye in tan. We took a pair of pale grey stockings and experimented a bit, and finally produced a triumphantly exact match for the suit. We were so thrilled and pleased with ourselves we've been dyeing ever since. I call dyeing my latest avocation. We've dyed last year's blouses to match this year's suits. You saw one just now in that grey blouse. We've dyed stockings and ribbons and gloves and materials of every sort.

ONE of our best efforts was some pre-war material I had saved that couldn't be duplicated for even three times its original price. The color was *passé* and a bit faded, but we brought it up to date in a beautiful tobacco brown. You see a moving picture actress has to be provided with so many clothes for appearing in public, as well as on the screen, that every little helps. The dyes come, by the way, in the largest possible assortment of shades, and one of their greatest assets and differences is that they dye silk and wool and cotton just alike. So that if you are assembling matching tones for a costume, everything can go into the same dye pot at once."

(For the name of the dyes that Miss Hampton tells about, write The Vanity Box, care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, *6 East 39th St., New York).*

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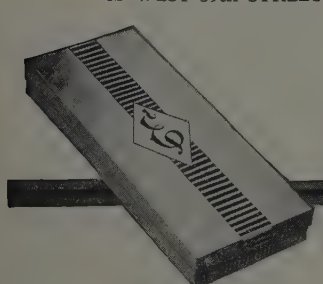

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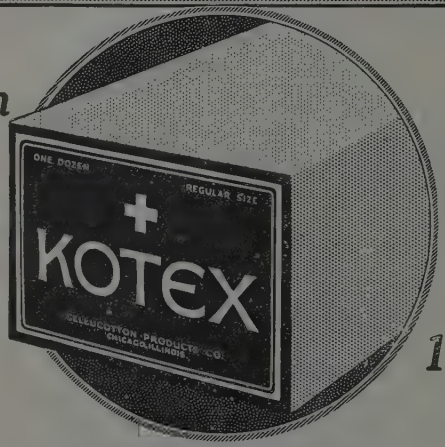

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 32)

estness in his work; and the two chief comedy parts are capably cared for by James Marlowe as a grouchy solicitor and Charles Judels as a French adventurer whose tongue frequently gets twisted.

The two stage settings are attractive, and the costumes are throughout in good taste. There is nothing new in the music provided by Lou Hirsch, but it is rythmical and so serves its purpose.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "SAMSON AND DELILAH." Drama by Sven Lange. Produced Nov. 17 with this cast:

Peter Krumback	Ben-Ami
Dagmar Krumback	Pauline Lord
Sophus Meyers	Robert T. Haines
Laura	Marie Bruce
Munson	Thomas Meegan
The Director	Edward G. Robinson
Kristensen,	Samuel Jaffe
Dukar,	Robert Harrison

ASSOCIATED with some of the most noteworthy achievements of the Jewish Art Theatre is the name of Ben-Ami, a young Russian who, after a novitiate in his own country, came to America some more than five years ago. From the lower East Side to the Garden Theatre, he has progressed steadily in the finish and comprehensiveness of his methods. Now Mr. Arthur Hopkins has raised him to the heights of stellardom.

The play is allegorical in its modern application of the story of the strong man of Israel. Ben-Ami plays an impractical, dreamy poet. His wife, a selfish, sensual actress, like the syren of Babylon, betrays him to the Philistines, typified in this case in the person of a successful furniture merchant. "Samson and Delilah," the play within the play, which the poet has written, brings about the inevitable revelation of the wife's perfidy. Unable to kill the guilty pair, Krumback, as the hero is called, kills himself. After an interminable first act, the drama takes on form and purpose and in the handling of the ever-recurring triangular theme, asserts itself in some scenes of tried dramatic effectiveness.

Ben-Ami is an actor of temperament and poetic feeling with a thorough command of the continental methods of stage expression. He has a fine dramatic sense and a keen disposition to the more advanced phases of naturalism. There are crudities in his performance. Apart from his accent, which at times prevents his speech from being intelligible, he is unnecessarily noisy. For instance, the loud slamming of the door of the bedroom where he goes to hide himself on the arrival of his guilty wife and her paramour, is something that no one in his position would do, and his trick of throwing himself about the room, and particularly his astonishing sommersault after he shoots himself, smacks more of acrobatics than of histrionism. But these are only minor faults—probably the result of appealing to the temperamental audiences of his own race—in a performance that deserves high praise. His Krumback was, taken altogether, a sound example of characterization, labored in its devotion to extraneous details, but indicative of a capacity for better work in a still better medium. Pauline Lord was hopelessly miscast as the actress wife, Edward G. Robinson as the Director of the theatre was excellent.

PLAYHOUSE. "THY NAME IS WOMAN." Drama by Carl Schoner and Benj. F. Glazer. Produced Nov. 15 with this cast:

Guerita	Mary Nash
Pedro	Jose Ruben
Juan	Curtis Cooksey
Baptiste	Edwin Maynard

SPAIN as a dramatic background is quite the vogue since Benevente's "Passion Flower" drew attention to the possibilities of the Iberian temperament for dramatic expression. Now comes, "Thy Name is Woman," by a Continental author, Carl Schoner, adapted for the American stage by Benjamin F. Glazer, a new variation of the eternal triangle with its single scene set in a tanner's house atop of a mountain in the Spanish Pyrenees. This latest contribution to the all too limited serious drama, I regard as a splendid example of expert technic, subtle intimate knowledge of the primal emotions and their reactions, with three vividly drawn types of husband, wife and lover placed in circumstances that suggest them the puppets of an implacable fate.

A young and handsome Frontier Guard offers to trap a wary old fox of a smuggler by making love to his young and attractive wife. Warned in advance, Pedro, the husband, urges the wife to accept the proferred attentions, that the contraband may meanwhile be smuggled over. Wife and officer awaken in each other a true passion. A tragedy is the conclusion.

Mary Nash, resplendently youthful and beautiful as the wife, invests the rôle with all the many details of inward and outward expression that go to the making of a finished creation, while the sickly, crafty husband is sketched by Jose Ruben with a vulpine fidelity that makes for superb picturesque and histrionic conviction.

The setting designed by Livingston Guard offers to trap a warry old fox

(Continued on page 74)

Out of the Past into the Present

Rides Milady on her Palfrey to

Nardi

· HABIT MAKER ·

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We feel justly proud of our one hundred years of progress, and as an appreciation of the confidence of our patrons, which has helped this progress, we have arranged, at the height of the season, a CENTENARY SALE.

During the continuance of this Sale every article in our store will be offered at a very substantial reduction.

The value of this reduction will be appreciated when it is understood that owing to advantageous purchases of raw skins our stock at present is moderately priced.

C. G. Gunther's Sons
391 Fifth Avenue

THE MANAGERIAL LETTER GUSH

(*Continued from page 8*)

an actor as John Barrymore catches the epistolary fever. Snatching up his doughty fountain pen, he writes to D. W. Griffith congratulating him on "Way Down East"—the wonder of the ages. Stone, Sr., with unerring sense of humor, immediately sends a communication to Stone, Jr., telling him what he (Stone, Sr., a perfectly disinterested party, of course), thinks of Stone, Jr.'s talents as comedian. And so the merry exchange goes on, fooling nobody, naturally, and bringing joy to the newspapers only too glad to sell their advertising space.

Here is another letter to Mr. Gest, dated from Greenwich Village, which has not yet been published. Possibly the manager never received it, which would explain its non-appearance, for it seems to be just what is needed to complete the series:

"Glorious Gifted One:

"Before thy great achievement I bow the knee. By thy genius thou hast ennobled my soul, attuned my senses to the music of the spheres, lifted my psychic being to a hitherto unattainable plane. Thou hast apotheosized scenic structure, cut-drops, stage-braces, Edison current, rouge and grease paint. Thou hast artistically and bewitchingly revealed the feminine spinal column, and poetized anew the legs of the ballet. Thou hast— But words fail me. I have seen 'Mecca,' and am faint with its wondrous beauty.

"In the presence of such perfection, I could have slain the ribald person sitting near me who dared to say of one of your Greek gods, 'Why doesn't he shave his chest?' As it was, I merely froze him with a whispered 'De Gestibus'—I mean, 'De gustibus,' etc. Oh, Morris! Great is 'Mecca!' Hail, King of American producers!"

A. KNUTT.

WHEN THE SILVER CURTAIN CLOSES

(*Continued from page 16*)

with the Greenwich Village Follies compare with being with the Ziegfeld Follies, Mr. Savoy?"

"It's cosier—it's cosier—it's cosier," effused Margie's friend.

"No dull moments?" interpolated Mr. Brennan.

"Mr. Savoy hid his beautiful face in his lace handkerchief. It's cosier!

Just then, Margaret Severn gave a messenger at her door a note for W. T. Benda, the artist. "Tell him he can take the masques after the performance. I hope the paint will be dry before to-morrow night!" She came down the stairs, a lovely, slim girl.

Miss Severn is having her voice cultured; she plays the piano; her paintings and sketches are extraordinary. Her mother is Dr. Severn, the physcho-analysist.

"Overture! my bunch of Arabian Nighties," Deano called.

LORETTO COLLEGE AND DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page 46*)

PERHAPS the most noteworthy point about the actresses in the Loretto Little Theatre is a charming naturalness and ingenuousness that makes their plays as fresh and sweetly appealing as one could expect from college girls still in their 'teens. There is always a simplicity and sincerity, an absence of mawkishness and mock heroics and artificiality. The morbid in subject matter and neurotic in handling has been notably absent so that the plays become in a very true sense a reflection of the wholesome, normal college life of which they are an expression.

During the present summer the Loretto Little Theatre has been completely overhauled. Footlights and boarders have given way to floods and indirect lighting which permit of effects never before attainable. The more or less conventional scenery which is the heritage bequeathed to most amateur companies has been scrapped to give place to a neutral mouse-colored cyclorama designed to catch and hold any tone of light, and several sets of scenery built in the unit system by Mr. Carrol French.

But perhaps the most unique feature of the newly constructed stage is a fore-stage which will consist of a platform built in the Greek fashion and designed to give space for dancing and interpretative choruses.

Plans for the future are in a line with the work already attempted, but modified by the added opportunities of the rebuilt theatre. Early in the season a series of short plays will be presented, including "Lima Beans" and "Overtones," the test plays of all Little Theatres. But this year instead of biding to a Shakespearean production, the preliminary plays will be directed to the production of a Greek play, probably "Electra," to embody besides the work of the drama class, the aesthetic work, the music, and the plastic art of the College.

The Hand of Ina Claire

HANDS are *expressive*. The slightest movement of the hand—the simplest gesture—focuses the attention immediately. What is the appearance of *your* hands? How do they *feel?*

The *artist* appreciates most, perhaps, that the skin of the hands should be kept in perfect condition—smooth, soft, pliable, attractively beautiful—free from blemishes or painful irritations which annoy and distract.

Ina Claire recognizes the cleansing, softening, healing properties of Hinds Cream, and uses it regularly to keep her skin in perfect, natural health.

The comfort and charm this snow-white, daintily scented skin lotion brings, makes Hinds Cream the indispensable toilet requisite in many refined homes.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Toilet Soap, 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. from laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 229 West Street Portland, Me.

The HINDS WEEK-END BOX
Six dainty pink Packages in trial Sizes 50¢

Use 20 Times

Then see how your teeth improve

This offers you a ten-day test of a new teeth-cleaning method—enough for 20 uses.

Each use will bring five much-desired effects. See how your teeth conditions change after ten days' use.

A film combatant

The great object is to fight film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush, used in old ways, leaves much of it intact. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now a new era

Now dental science, after years of research, has found ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. And leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions now employ it. And to their homes it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch these five effects

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects. The film is attacked in two efficient ways. The teeth are so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Then it multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus it increases, in a natural way, Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

See what this means. A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to any one who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

This ten-day test will show the way to whiter, safer teeth. And it may mean their salvation. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

Ten-day tube free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 262, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

By Alice Nielson

(*Continued from page 14*)

say that a luminous, unearthly sort of light emanated from her face and seemed to form a halo round her turbaned head.

Upon these after-theatre supper occasions, it was my custom to take my place at the foot of the table, facing Duse. Invariably this hour before retiring we spent in unbroken silence, the servants, moving about noiselessly, serving the simple repast in earthenware dishes, another of Signora's hobbies.

ONE evening, after she had arrived from the theatre, I slipped away to my room. She sent a servant to summon me at once.

"Why are you not at your place?" she asked. Remembering that for two evenings past, she had practically ignored me, I replied:

"But Signora, it occurred to me you might prefer to be alone."

"No, I do not prefer that when you are in the house. I love to look at your young and pretty face across the table. Never again fail to present yourself for supper!" And patting my cheek with her indescribably soft and satin-smooth hand, she smilingly pushed me toward my chair.

Often, after that, she would look searchingly into my face and sigh:

"Ah, you do not know how fortunate you are, to be so young and fair!"

Her child-like wonder and heart-rending grief at the thought that things of beauty must perish and genius must die, never left her. She was the possessor of one of the five death-masks made of Richard Wagner. One day she came into the music room with this mask on a black velvet cushion, and showed it to me. I started to touch it, but she raised her finger forbiddingly. Her own hand caressed the air above the face of the dead composer lovingly, as though it were too precious to touch. "Oh, dear, wonderful meistro, gone!" she murmured, while tears rolled down her cheeks.

ALTHOUGH she never mentioned it, I knew that the canker of the suggestion that she was growing old was eating into the very marrow of her being. A great soul, she could not rise above her disappointment in the man who had said it. She would not permit a word said against him, however. "Do not forget, he is Italy's greatest man!" was her answer. Her adoration of his genius is expressed in the following:

"We must bow before the poet, even when it seems to us he does wrong. He is a poet; he has seen something; he has seen it in that way; we must accept his vision, because it is a vision."

THERE was a report at one time that Duse did not like America. The only reason she did not like this country, was because our public would not accept D'Annunzio's plays. The last time she toured America she started by presenting only his plays. Duse's managers had asked her not to act in these plays, but she insisted, and a great deal of money was lost. At one performance in Baltimore, after she had especially been requested not to give D'Annunzio, and she still persisted, there was not even one paid admission. After that she complied with the wishes of her managers, and in a two weeks' capacity run of "Cavalieria Rusticana" and "Camille" all losses were regained.

One day after a week's visit with Duse, on my way to Milan, D'Annunzio drove me to the station.

"Why you study with Signora Duse?" he asked in his bad English. "She can teach you nothing; she too old!" And that beautiful soul, intended to be eternally young, was only forty-two at the time!

It was at this time that her friends began to notice a really great change in Duse. Her gay, merry moods grew fewer and farther apart, and finally she succumbed to a sort of trance of abysmal gloom. She would sit for hours, her eyes staring unblinkingly into space, with the hot scalding tears running down her cheeks.

WHEN "The Flame of Life," the book in which D'Annunzio, the soul-hunter, carefully exposed portraits of "a celebrated Italian actress" and himself, set wagging the tongues of the curious, Duse herself seemed utterly unconscious of it all. One of her friends, a little piqued at this indifference, asked her what she thought of the book.

"I do not know, I am sure," she answered simply. "I have not read it."

She has the greatest brain of any person I have ever known. I was on the verge of saying she has a man's brain, but I check myself, remembering Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst's retort when some kind friend complimented her in a similar fashion. "Show me the man!" she retorted. So say I about Eleanora Duse. She knew everything—the topics of the day, politics, economics, art, ancient and modern history, literature;

(*Concluded on page 64*)

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

The Bound Volumes of
Theatre Magazine

come into your library. Here is the one complete record of the American Stage—the one publication devoted exclusively to the Art, the Literature, the Mechanics of the Drama.

There are thirty-two volumes from 1901 to 1920 inclusive. The cost for the set is $190.00.

YOUR LOOSE 1920 NUMBERS

if sent prepaid to us, plus $6.00, will be taken in exchange for two new bound volumes (comprising the twelve issues of this year) completely indexed.

If you've loaned your Theatre Magazines and never got them back, these two bound volumes for 1920 will cost you $10.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
6 EAST 39th STREET
NEW YORK

"THE MAKE-UP SPIDER"

How it works and enmeshes

A bit of color deftly distributed, a dab of the lip-stick, a well-placed pencil stroke to set off a point of attraction . . . they can be made to convey art and beauty. Besides, sometimes we just cannot help looking off color, we women, and there is no reason why the whole world should have notice of our temporary frailty. As a necessary prop to our beauty, let us have it by all means, and I am for it to such an extent that I have made it my business to bring together a fascinating assortment of wonderful rouges and exquisitely tinted powders and lip-refreshers. But make-up for the mere sake of make-up, . . . well, it is certainly unnecessary, to say nothing of the taste displayed. If truth must be told, it is encouraged by catch-penny beauty parlors. Lacking most elementary principles of physiological beauty-building, their inevitable final refuge is make-believe, and make-believe alone.

The Secret of Skin Beauty

is a simple one: Make your skin work. If it has become sluggish from any cause, coax it to greater activity. Do not allow it to stagnate under an overlay of paint and heavy creams Inactive, it will become greasy, flabby, infirm. It will sag. The pores will clog up; then they will expand. Blackheads will form and pimples. With others, again, the skin will dry and fall into wrinkles. It will be pallid and pasty. At this point a sense of false pride will fasten upon you the practice of covering up with make-up the ravages due to make-up. *The make-up spider has spun his web . . . .*

Make Your Skin Work

I said a little while back. The most uncanny unfailing means by which you can accomplish this is Valaze Beautifying Skinfood, many years ago confided to my hands by that Russian Specialist Dr. Lykuski. It has gained its great fame because it yields so freely that lively skin-action and beautiful purity of flesh tints, without which no complexion can long hold its own. It will keep your skin at work, mildly, imperceptibly. It will infuse freshness, animation and vigor *into* the skin itself, keeping away in this manner lines, discoloration, spots, harshness, sallowness or weather-beaten appearance. Price: $1.25, $2.50 and $7.00.

This preparation as well as the other described below is to be used in your own home. But if you have the opportunity to call at my

Maison de Beauté Valaze

in New York or abroad, you will realize, perhaps for the first time, the enormous strides which have been made in the Science and Art of Beauty. You will realize that whatever misgivings or disappointment you may have had as to the maintenance of your good looks, you have at last found the combined equipment of experience and knowledge that leads to fond fulfilment.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion, a companion preparation to the Skinfood, braces, revivifies; prevents and aids in suppressing lines. For normal and oily skin. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50. For dry skin, Skin-toning Lotion Special. $2.25, $4.50 and $8.50.

Valaze Roman Jelly, knits together relaxed tissues, flaccid muscles and consolidates flabby throats and counteracts crows-feet, $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste. Gradually dislodges blackheads without the necessity of pressing them out. Used for washing in place of soap. Restores also clarity of the skin and reduces distended pores to normal. $1.10, $2.00 and $3.30. For obstinate cases Paste No. 2 is recommended in conjunction with the former. $1.50, $2.50 and $5.00.

Valaze Beauty Grains: A sensational skin rejuvenant. Its importation from Europe has only just been resumed. Used for washing in place of soap. Keeps the skin creamy-white, safeguards its texture and guarantees against coarseness and oiliness of the pores, blackheads and other impurities. Should be a household article in every home. Men, women and children will be free from skin defects by using Valaze Beauty Grains. $1.25, $2.50 and $5.50.

Valaze Cream of Lillies, the new outdoor cream for normal and somewhat dry skins. $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Foundation Cream, another day cream and foundation for powder, for normal but rather oily skins. Produces that delightful "mat" tone. $1.10, $2.20, $3.30 and $5.50.

Valaze Lip Lustre. Restores the full richness of lip color, protects from chapping. In darker or lighter, fruit or coral, shades, for day and evening. $1.00, $1.75, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00.

Valaze Crushed Rose Leaves: A delightful face coloring, in loose powder or compact form. *Ocre fonce*, for brunettes; *Mandarin*, a saucy, cherry red, suitable for any complexion; *Framboise, Clair*, imparting the happy coloring of the bonnie Scotch lassie; *Moyen*, for the light brunette. $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $7.50.

Valaze Rouge En Creme: Waterproof rouge unguents, for blondes and brunettes. Put the imprint of brightest, but unexaggerated witchery upon the cheeks. $2.00, $3.50, $5.00 and $6.50. Handy and very economical.

Valaze Complexion Powder: Discrimination should be the first law in the use of powders. Different powders for different skins. The normal and oily skin cannot do without Valaze Complexion Powder. The dry skin must have the nutritive Novena Poudre. In white, flesh, rose, natural, rachel, ocre. In boxes at $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $5.50.

When ordering goods kindly add war tax of 4 cents on the dollar and pro rata.

Interesting literature will be forwarded on application.

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Atlantic City, N. J., 1427 Boardwalk; **New Orleans,** Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimple Street; **Boston, Mass.,** E. T. Slattery Co.; **Chicago, Ill.,** Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 Michigan Avenue; **San Francisco, Cal.,** Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post Street and Grant Ave.; **Dayton, O.,** Elinor's

DUSE RETURNS TO THE STAGE

By Alice Nielson

(Concluded from page 62)

and she could read the soul of a man or woman with uncanny intuition.

FAR from being jealous of any rivals, she seemed to always be searching for talent and beauty in others. I remember when I was rehearsing "Traviata" for her. She had taught me to stand perfectly still during the delivery of the aria in the scene with the father, letting my voice and face express all the emotion. As I sang, she crept toward me quietly, stealthily, never taking her eyes from my face. When the song was finished she was so close to me, her cheek almost touched mine. Peering searchingly into my face, she straightened herself and joyously exclaimed; "Yes, you are pale; you have emotional talent; you will succeed in opera!" If she had only known, it was fright at her extraordinary approach that made me lose color.

When I accompanied Duse upon her last provincial theatrical tour through Italy, I would stand, fascinated, in the wings and watch her. It was during a performance of "Monna Vanna", in the scene when she rushes off the stage to kill herself, that she frightened me. Her acting was so intense, her expression so fierce, that when she came face to face with me back stage, momentarily I had the feeling that she would kill me.

In every rôle she played she hypnotized herself in believing she *was* the heroine she portrayed. She lived her rôles and at the end of each performance she was absolutely exhausted.

ARTHUR SYMONS has captured in words the greatness of her genius:

"Other actresses seem to have heaped up into one great, fictitious moment all the scattered energies of their lives, the passions that have come to nothing, the sensations that have withered before they flowered, the thoughts that have never quite been born. The stage is their life; they live only for those three hours of the night; before and after are the intervals between the acts. But to Duse those three hours are the interval in an intense, consistent, strictly personal life; and the interval over, she returns to herself, as after an interruption.

"And this unique fact makes for the particular quality of her genius. The reason why Duse is the greatest actress in the world is that she has a more subtle nature than any other actress, and that she expresses her nature more simply. All her acting seems to come from the great depth, and to be only half-telling profound secrets. No play has ever been profound enough, and simple enough, for this woman to say everything she has to say in it. When she has thrilled one, or made one weep, or exalted one with beauty, she seems to be always holding back something else. Her supreme distinction comes from the kind of melancholy wisdom which remains in her face after the passions have swept over it."

ANOTHER writer has written of her: "Eleanora Duse is Italy; we find traces of her in all that country's various arts; she looks out from all their books; her existence is the perfectly natural outcome of many effects No other nation could have produced her, any more than any other country but Germany could have produced Wagner or Nietzsche. Her art has expanded to universal comprehension, because she has absorbed and become "a part of all that she has been." Every woman finds in her some unspoken part of herself. Her art is so true, so simple; she follows so intently the line of absolute realism; never forgetting that in all reality, no matter how dark, there is ever the significant touch of beauty and hope. "Life to her is so great, the soul so unspeakably earnest," therefore she is more than an artist, she is a spiritual force; giving us of her deep inner life, her heart's blood, and of the silences of her soul. And who can ever forget those silences of Duse's and their helpless pathos? As in the greatest dramas, her most potent effects are gained from passiveness We are overwhelmed, and weep then at the troubled language in her eyes."

ONE of my dearest hopes was that this heaven-lent gift should again enrich the world. Now that we are told that this wonder-woman has consented to resume her work before the public all theatre lovers will rejoice. Her genius, I know must be undiminished, and her great soul, dwelling on the heights will uplift and hearten the multitudes.

The ensemble from "Robin Hood," produced by the Three Arts Club, of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, in the splendid Theatre presented to the Goodyear employees by the Company

YOUR COMMUNITY
YOUR COLLEGE
YOUR CHURCH

What have you done to bring to them the broadening influence of the Drama and the Play?

The Theatre Magazine, the recognized authority on the Stage and the Drama, in order to foster a new national interest in the Drama has established

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT

to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

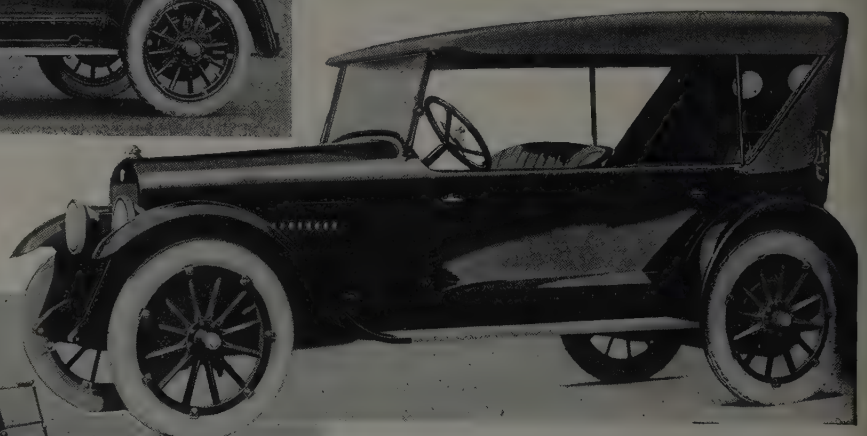
We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

Address the Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, New York

The Templar Two-Passenger Touring Roadster is a new creation in the sport model class. It is fast, sporty and shows its class in every line—an ideal car for a woman to drive through city traffic with safety

The usual niceties of appointment found on all Packard Cars are included in this Single Six Sedan

This new enclosed Hudson model makes its particular appeal because of its remarkable body beauty, smart fittings, finish and interior comfort. The top itself is stationary, the external bows adding to its rigidity and appearance

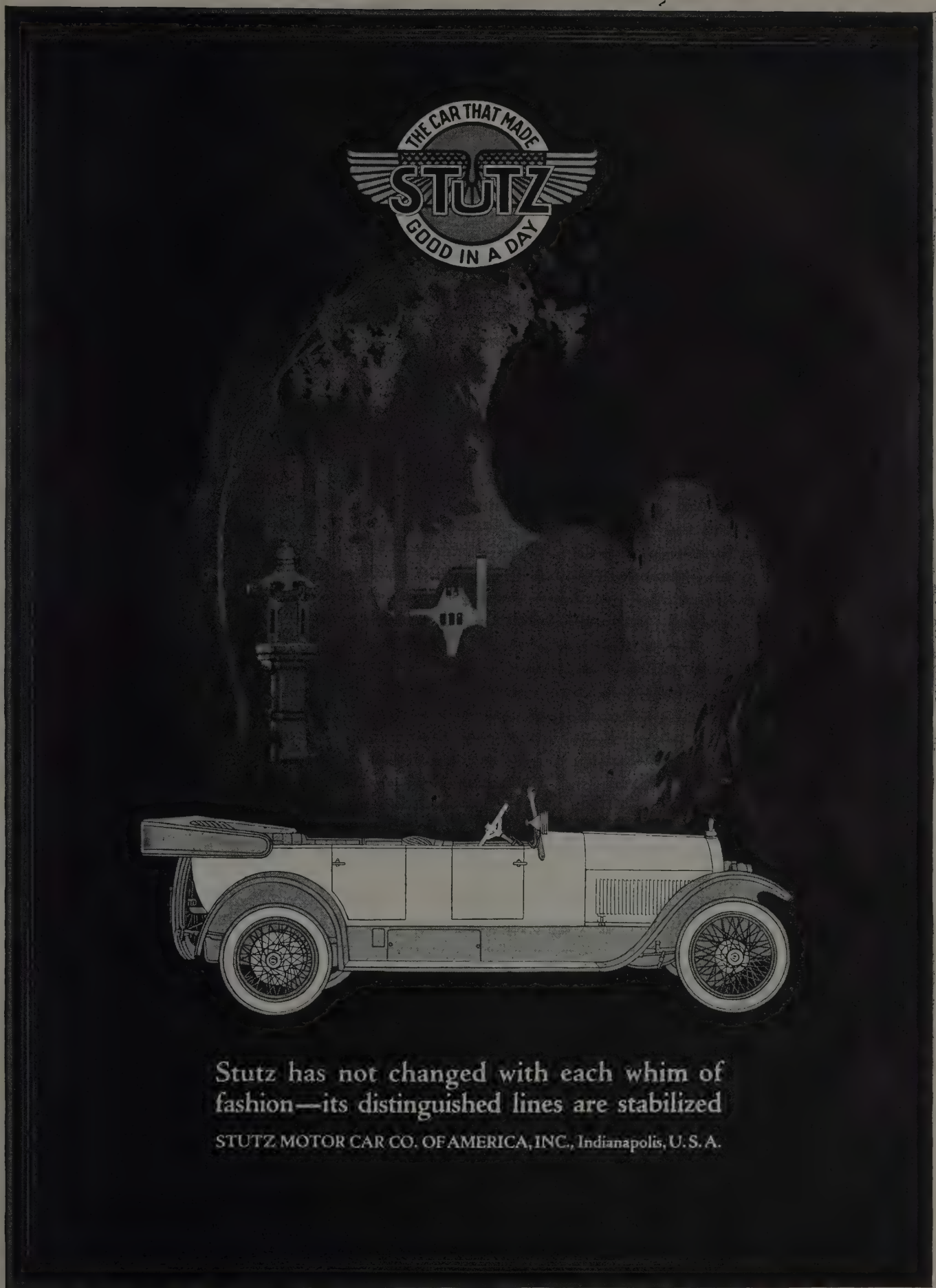


Harmony and grace of body lines; extraordinary roominess and convenience; completeness and accessibility of controls and instruments are clearly portrayed in this Studebaker Light Six

A charming witchery of style is woven into the Winton Six—a magnificent motor car, alive with power, correct to the smallest detail and refreshingly restful

Marking the advancing popularity of the closed car, the Jordan Silhouette Brougham is notably distinctive. It's a five-passenger with all-aluminum body

THE LAST SYLLABLE IN SMART CARS

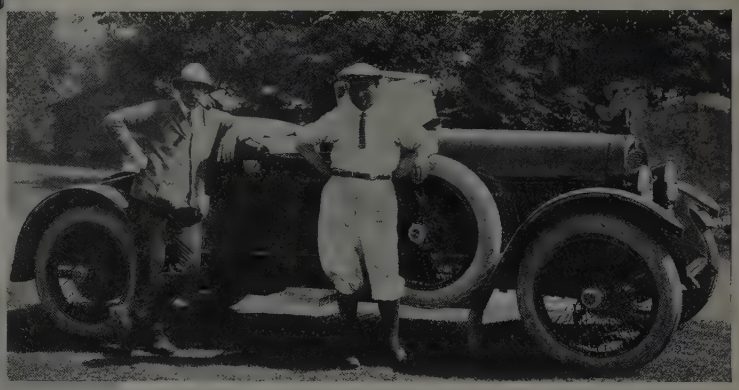


Stutz has not changed with each whim of fashion—its distinguished lines are stabilized

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

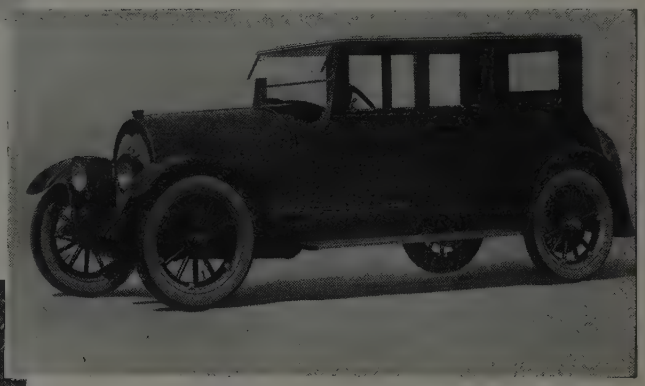
ADVANCE MODELS FOR DISCRIMINATING MOTORISTS

Kissel policy is that of working far in advance on engineering betterments, eliminating radical changes and equipping Kissel products with engineering achievements

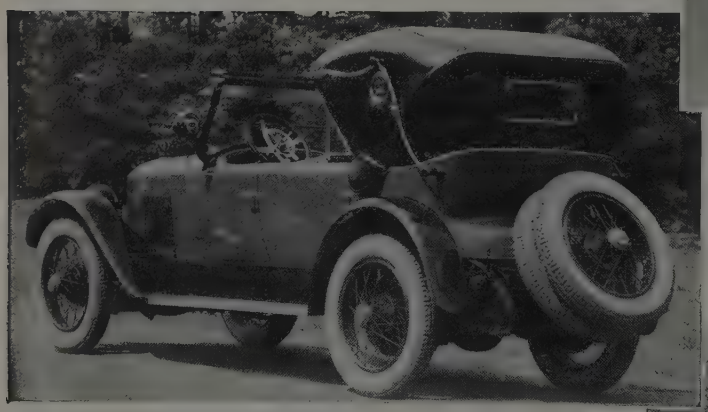


Vardon and Ray, world-famous British golfers, are keen admirers of perfection whether it be in the realm of golf or automobiles. That is why they have become so enthusiastic over the new Haynes Special Speedster during their present visit to the United States

The year 'round appeal of the closed car is stronger than ever in the new Paige seven-passenger Sedan on a chassis which shows considerable variation from the preceding design of the large six model. It is, in fact, a larger edition of the Paige 6-42 model, which has already reached a successful production of over ten thousand cars

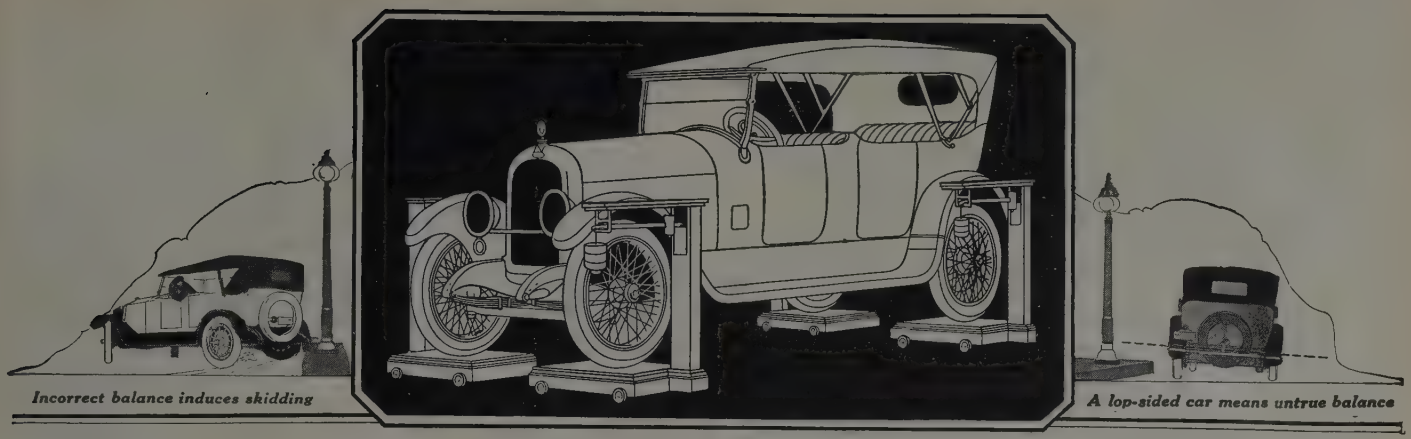


Probably no model of the enclosed type has gained greater popularity during the past twelve months than the compact four passenger enclosed job offered by Apperson Bros. and known as their Sedanette model. The Apperson Sedanette is a coach of distinction and has class of external line—good taste of interior luxury—every appointment and visible detail of hardware blends in form and finish



It is a mistake to assume that motor cars have, as yet, reached the pinnacle of excellence. There are still many refinements to be accomplished. For example, the old method of shifting gears by hand is most obviously a crudity. In *Premier* alone, has this crudity been removed. Premier's gears are shifted electrically by means of an inconspicuous lever on the steering quadrant

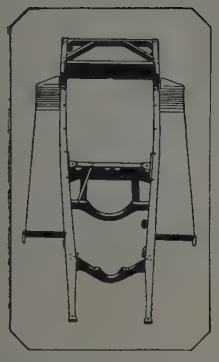
Specially designed for Mr. Joseph Nathan of New York by Brooks-Ostruk Co. The chassis is a 48 Pierce-Arrow. Notice the graceful line of the front mudguards and the six fenders



Incorrect balance induces skidding

A lop-sided car means untrue balance

The Marmon on four scales shows equi-balance and light weight which mean:



Weight and balance are two considerations which should be of major importance in selecting a motor car. They are factors which have claimed the studious attention of Marmon engineers for many years.

True balance is not a laboratory theory. Its reasonableness is obvious.

No car should be too heavy nor too light. No car should be out of balance. Incorrect distribution of weight is simply faulty or old-fashioned designing. It is inexcusable.

It is easy to find out whether a car has true balance. Every Marmon Distributor will gladly show you a Marmon on four scales. Then you can make comparisons.

Spring suspension a contributing factor

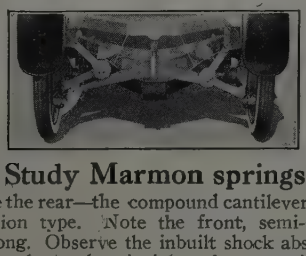
In your study of car balance, observe the elements that go to make up suspension; the springs, the frame, and their assembly

Upon proper suspension depends the elimination of vibration, the reducing of side-sway and the absorption of shocks.

Proper suspension means *Comfort for Passengers* and *Long Life for the Car.*

Improper suspension means the opposite: Uncomfortable riding, hard steering, destructive vibration, dangerous skidding, body-racking side-sway, shorter life for the car, maximum upkeep.

So one must choose between two extremes. There is no middle ground in engineering. Principles are right or they are wrong.



Study Marmon springs

Note the rear—the compound cantilever cross-suspension type. Note the front, semi-elliptic, extra long. Observe the inbuilt shock absorbers.

This advanced principle of suspension, together with the improved frame, permits a lower center of gravity, so that motion is vertical, and side-sway is eliminated.

The Marmon keeps to the road with greater surety and travels at higher-than-usual speeds without discomfort to the passengers or harm to the car.

1. **Easier riding and easier steering.**
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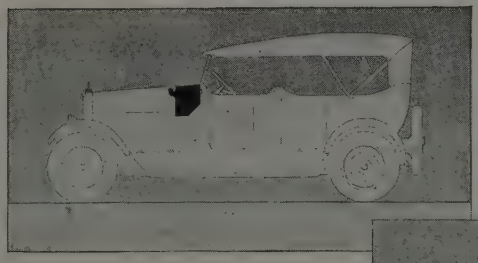
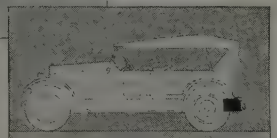
3. **Greater tire and gasoline economy.**
4. **Lower upkeep and longer life.**
5. **Quicker acceleration and deceleration.**





Centered *vs.* rear gasoline tank

Is it reasonable, may we ask, for a gasoline tank to be at the rear? Its weight is constantly variable, as it is filled and emptied.

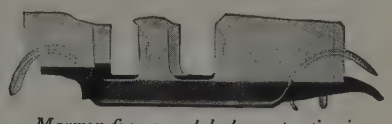
Were its weight static it could be counterbalanced by front weight. But gasoline represents poundage. A gallon weighs 6¼ pounds. So when a tank is full, its eighteen gallons weigh about 112 pounds. As it empties down to one gallon the weight decreases to 6¼ pounds.

Marmon engineers do not believe in placing such a variable unit of weight behind the rear wheels. It throws the car out of balance, induces skidding, and inflicts a maximum fuel line.

The Marmon gasoline tank is centered underneath the hood, not only conforming to all principles of balance, but permitting the simplest fuel feed and a gauge on the dash.

FRAME AND BODY DESIGN are to be studied in connection with balance. Here is where weight-saving is possible, and where the effect of minimum unsprung weight is transmitted to the passengers in the form of maximum riding ease.

Marmon frame construction does away with needless weight. The cross members support the engine and transmission. The running board is hot-riveted directly to the frame.



Marmon frame and body construction is well worth your study. It will guide you in making comparisons.

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Balance affects your pocketbook

Study this whole subject of balance and its meaning in connection with its monetary significance. How it concerns your investment. What it means for upkeep.

Remember that it has a direct influence on gasoline and tire mileage, and that it discloses the longevity of a car.

Once you are familiar with the facts—and they are by no means technical—you would not care to pay the price of incorrect balance and suspension.

12 vital tests

Remember that balance is but one of twelve vital tests that you should make before deciding upon *your* car. The other 11 are included in the Marmon Score Card, a form arranged for simple comparative tests. A copy will be given to you gladly by a Marmon Distributor, so that you can judge cars as they are judged in the automotive world by the foremost engineers.

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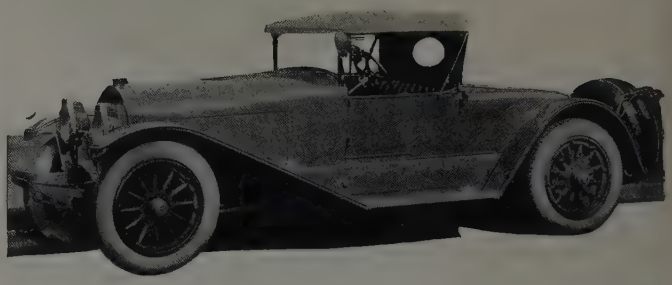

An example of a smart Locomobile two-passenger roadster body on a big chassis. The locomobile wheel base is 142 in., yet the front seat is in the middle of the chassis. An extra long steering post makes this possible.

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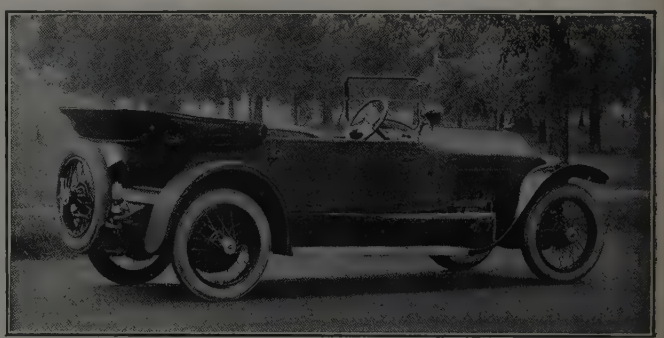

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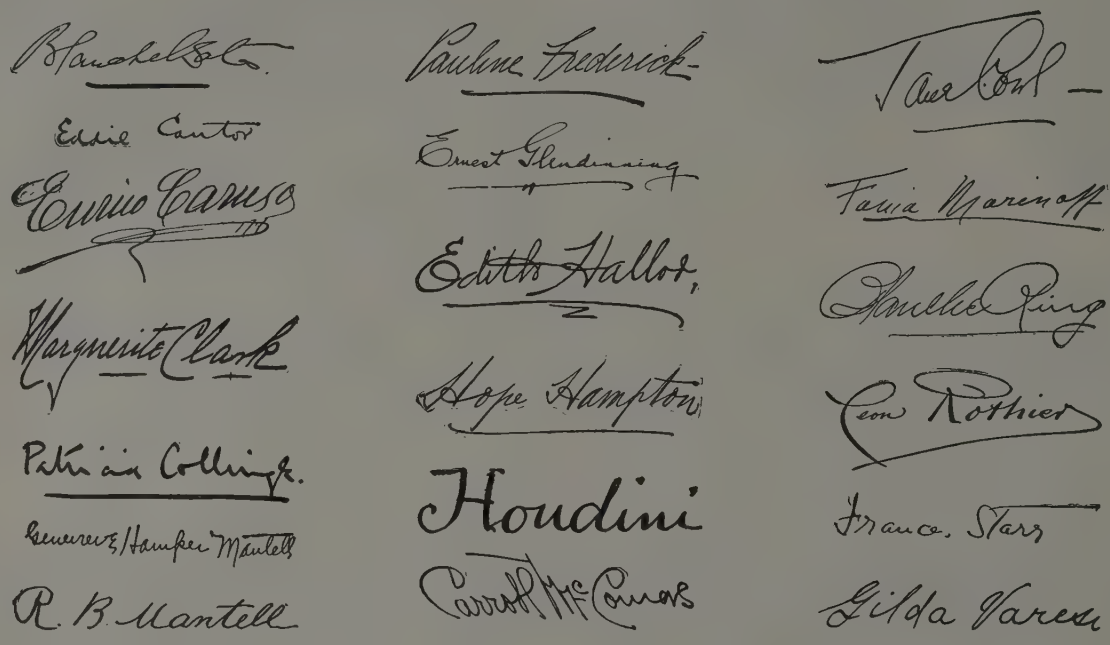

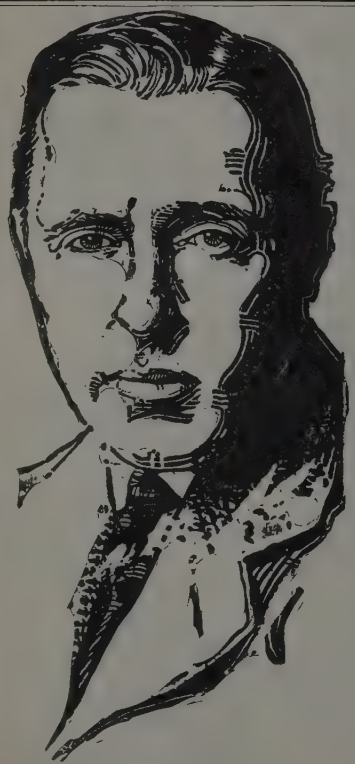

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1920-1921

Current Productions

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in **"French Leave"**, a comedy by Reginald Berkeley; a metropolitan run at the Belmont Theatre, New York.

"Sonya" with Violet Heming and Otto Kruger, a romance by Gabryela Zapolska, adapted by Edith Ellis; a metropolitan run at the Princess Theatre, Chicago.

In Preparation

"Fixing It for Archie", a comedy by Ian Hay, with music.

An Operetta by Emmerich Kalman.

"Cook", a comedy by Jerome K. Jerome.

Thomas C. Dagnall's English production of **"Lord Richard in the Pantry"**, a comedy by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare.

A Motion Picture

"J'Accuse", the great European motion picture production, will be launched here this season by Marc Klaw, Inc.

Theatres Under Construction

The Klaw Theatre on West 45th Street, accommodating 800, is designed for the productions of Marc Klaw, Inc., and will be ready for occupancy this coming February, 1921.

The construction of two new theatres and a roof garden on 46th Street, in the centre of New York's theatrical district is announced. The theatres will accommodate 1200 each, the roof garden 1500. They will be built on a plot 225 by 100 feet, recently purchased from the Astor Estate.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 58)

Platt is a gem of scenic expression.

BROADHURST. "WHEN WE ARE YOUNG." Comedy in three acts by Kate L. McLaurin. Produced November 22.

ONLY by way of record it is necessary to even mention this nondescript piece of sentimental rubbish—one of the most stupid shows ever inflicted on a Broadway audience. How any manager could have spent time and money staging such hopeless, amateurish stuff passes all understanding. My sympathies went, first to Alma Tell, George Marion and Henry Hull, capable players who floundered in a morass of the most obvious situations and platitudinous dialogue, and second to the unfortunate spectators, lured from the comforts of their homes, to waste their evening on such sickly twaddle.

CENTRAL. "AFGAR." Extravaganza in two acts. Book by Fred Thompson and Morton David. Music by Chas. Cuvillier. Produced Nov. 8.

THE acknowledgement of the French source on the program of this latest importation from London was hardly necessary. Old-fashioned in plot, cumbersome in action, yet distinctly gallic in spirit, the piece recalls those operas *bouffe* that used to attract a special public to the Paris Nouveautés in the palmy days of those inimitable Boulevard funmakers—the Brasseurs, father and son. The only difference is that "Afgar" is not nearly so good as the worst of its ante-bellum models and that an absurd attempt has been made to localize the piece by injecting into the lines a number of wretched puns about Flatbush, the Lambs' Club, Dr. Straton, etc.

The story has to do with a rebellion among the fair inmates of the harem and the virtuous resolve of a Spanish prisoner to resist the voluptuous charms of Zaydee, the Sultan's favorite.

Alice Delysia, the pulchritudinous, not-to-be-denied vamp, who comes to America with the reputation of a great vogue in London music halls, is a tall, handsome woman, rather more blonde than the conventional French type. She has charm of manner, a fairly good voice and great physical attractiveness, but she lacks the archness of Anna Held, and also the scintillating daintiness that marked the magnetic personality of Gaby Delys, two performers whose particular field the newcomer expects to fill. I think Madame Delysia would be well advised if she censors some of her songs, or at least, modifies the "business" with which she sings them. New York is not particularly prudish, but there is a certain point beyond which we do not go. London music hall audiences laugh at suggestiveness that would not be tolerated here. There are many lines in her songs that would be better toned down.

Whatever success "Afgar" had on the opening night was due to the beautiful bare back of the star, and to the nimble legs and clever fooling of Lupino Lane, a remarkable comedian whom I should like to see in something more worthy of his talents.

Much was made in the preliminary announcements about "wonderful gowns by Poiret of Paris." They proved to be very ordinary, freakish and gaudy creations that far from satisfied my sense of beauty. Our local designers have accustomed us to much better.

APOLLO. "JIMMIE." Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Harbach, Frank Mandel and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Herbert Stothart. Produced November 17.

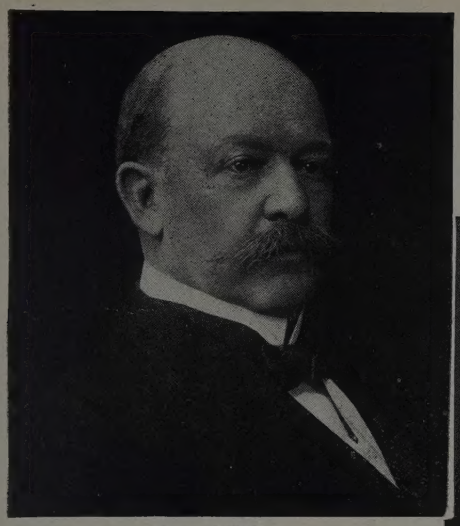
THERE are fashions in musical comedies as well as in many other things, and the greater number of those produced this season bear a very distinct resemblance to each other. They are not much different from last year's styles, excepting, perhaps, that there is more dancing, less singing (if possible) and a greater economy in the amount of the material used in the costumes.

"Jimmie," shown for the opening of the New Apollo Theatre, is a bit better than the average, in that, being tailor-made, it succeeds in fitting very well the individual talents and abilities of Frances White, whom it ushers into stardom. Petite and chic, and possessed of a distinctive personality, Miss White is given opportunity to do the things which she does well, and she has added to these the evidence that she can, at least for a few minutes, forget her pert ways and do serious things, even verging on the pathetic. She hasn't much of a singing voice, but she manages very cleverly what she has.

As first assistant appears Ben Welch, one-time Hebrew comedian in vaudeville, who is good in several scenes but becomes tiresome when he introduces whole sections of his vaudeville monologues.

Rita Owin makes a hit with her eccentric dancing in which she is really funny. There are several others who help to fill in, and then there are the girls, several of them pretty.

(Concluded on page 76)



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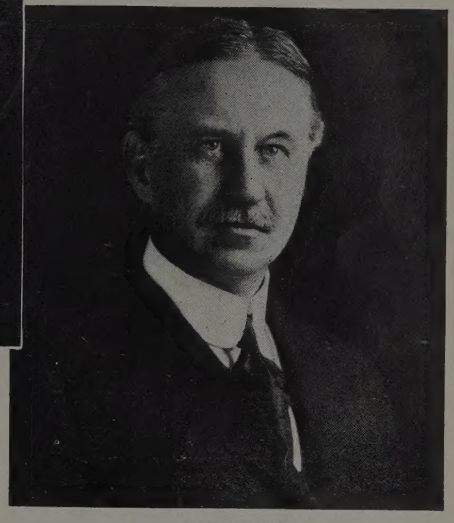

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 74)

CORT. "JIM JAM JEMS." Musical pastime in two acts by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard. Music by James Hartly. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Cyrus Ward	Stanley Forde
June Ward	Ada Mae Weeks
Annette	Rose Langdon
Phillip Quick	Joe E. Brown
Johnny Case	Frank Fay
James	Harry Langdon
Geraldine McCann	Kathryn Miley
Archie Spotter	Ned Sparks
Birdie McIntyre	Virginia Clark
Murphy	Gattison Jones
Minnie	Miss Gay
O'Ryan	Joe E. Miller
Miss Flipp	Irma Marwick
Mr. Jazz	Roscoe Ails
Miss Jazz	Midgie Miller

ALMOST the entire appeal of this piece is made to the eye; for of music worth while there is none, the ear being constantly assailed with energetic jazz dissonances which serve as an accompaniment to dancing which is as bad in its suggestiveness as the music itself. Good dancing, like good music, is a worthy expression of beauty; but the modern musical show seems to think of it simply as a vulgar display of physical development, both muscular and fleshly. In "Jim Jam Jems" this display is brought to the fore in almost every scene to the point of tiresomeness.

Very little of the wit is clever, and much of it is vulgar or inane. The few bright spots are made to appear more bright than they really are by comparison with the dreariness which surrounds them. It needs no mental exertion to comprehend the matter of the whole show—one only needs to look. There are several things to attract the eye, some elaborate stage settings and a lavish display of costumes rich in the quality, if not always the quantity, of their material.

There is not very much beauty in the chorus, nor any extra amount of ability among the members of the cast. A few of them, including Frank Fay, Stanley Forde, Joe Barnett, and Ada Mae Weeks might do better if their parts gave them a chance. There is a question in one's mind why Miss Weeks should be featured, except for the fact that she is given more to do. As to the majority of the cast—they seemed at home in the piece—no better nor worse.

BROADHURST. "THE GUEST OF HONOR." Comedy in three acts by William Hodge. Produced Sept. 20 with this cast:

Jack Weatherbee	Graham Lucas
Mrs. Murry	Jennie Lamont
Mr. Warner	William H. Thompson
Laundry Boy	Howard Morgan
Mr. Wartle	Edward O'Connor
John Weatherbee	William Hodge
Robert Thisby	Harold Heaton
Rosamond Kent	Helen Wolcott
Ione Curtis	Miriam McCauley
Helen Kent	Alice Bricker
Mr. Lesoir	Louis Barclay
Mr. Kent	Frederick de Belleville
Mrs. Kent	Ann Warrington
Butler	Lee Frank
Tom	John N. Wheeler

MR. Hodge has not added anything to his laurels either as a playwright or as an actor in this his latest effort.

The play is poor and most theatrical, as may be judged when such fine artists as Mr. Thompson and Mr. de Belleville find it well-nigh impossible to make one forget that they are acting. There are no new situations in it and the old ones are worn threadbare.

Mr. Hodge's interpretation of John Weatherbee is monotonous to a degree. His speeches tumble over each other with a glibness that makes one sure they are all well learned and have been repeated many times. It is a cold-blooded business proposition with him, and his short attempt at sentiment is as cold-blooded as the rest of it.

The comedy, what there is of it, is furnished by Jennie Lamont—and well furnished too—as an Irish washwoman; with Edward O'Connor as a foil. The others of the cast, excepting of course, Mr. Thompson and Mr. de Belleville, are stagy and theatrical. How could they be otherwise with such artificial parts to play?

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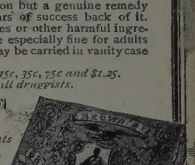

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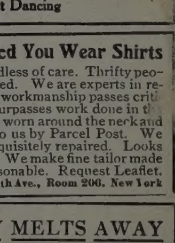

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

We are going to ask you to be candid, Mr. or Miss Average Reader. What appeals to you most in the THEATRE MAGAZINE—the pictures or the articles? Would you like more articles and fewer pictures or more pictures and fewer articles?

What sort of reading matter interests you most—chatty, intimate interviews with the players; analytical reviews of plays; academic discussion of the drama; or articles in a lighter vein, dealing with the many various phases of theatrical art, stage fiction, etc? We aim to please you—hence the question.

Take us into your confidence. Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings. The editorial epidermis is hardened against attack, merited or otherwise. Write in and let us know what you think.

WHAT'S become of the man-actor? Look at the show bills. They're nearly all headed by women—Florence Reed in "The Mirage;" Mitzi in "Lady Billy;" Helen Hayes in "Bab;" Mary Nash in "Thy Name is Woman;" Ina Claire in "The Gold Diggers;" Patricia Collinge in "Just Suppose;" Margaret Anglin in "The Woman of Bronze;" Gilda Varesi in "Enter Madame;" Madge Kennedy in "Cornered;" Frances White in "Jimmie," and so on.

Why has the weaker sex been permitted to usurp the centre of the stage, almost to the exclusion of the man player? The men, to be sure, are gradually coming back. We have Frank Bacon in "Lightnin';" Fred Stone in "Tip Top;" George Sidney in "Welcome Stranger." But why did the actor ever allow the actress to out-rival him in the public's affections?

There's a reason. In our February issue, Helen Ten Broeck has a well-written article on this subject—an article which will interest not only the layman, but the professional as well. Don't miss it. You'll find it both instructive and entertaining.

Has the suave prestidigitator ever extracted a live rabbit from your pocket or made a shower of five dollar gold pieces drop from your nose? If these miracles never happened to you—you've certainly seen the magician perform the trick on others in the audience.

How is it done? Who are these people who seem to rise willingly in the darkened auditorium to lend their services to the conjurer? Are they confederates, or are they just plain spectators like you and me?

Read "Theatre Plants," by George C. Jenks in our next issue. The article will tell you some surprising stage secrets.

Must the playwright, to be successful, have been an actor? Question of vital interest, this, to all those eager to win the fame and fortune that awaits the popular dramatist.

Many successful playwrights, of course, have never been actors, but, probably, most of them could act, if suddenly put to it. On the other hand, many of the great dramatists were players. Shakespeare was an actor. So was Molière.

In our own day we have James A. Herne, Edward Harrigan, Charles Klein, George M. Cohan, James Forbes, Frank Bacon, Winchell Smith, Frank Craven, Edwin Milton Royle, Rida Johnson Young, Edgar Selwyn—all players and all authors of successful plays.

In the March THEATRE MAGAZINE, Ada Patterson refutes the absurd notion that it takes a college professor to write a play. The successful dramatists are play builders—not play writers. Read her article in our next issue. You will enjoy it.

Georgette Leblanc, the French actress and former wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, the "Belgian Shakespeare," has come to America to appear in motion pictures. This interesting woman, whose influence on Belgium's mystic poet was such that she changed his very mood—transforming him from the black pessimism of "The Blind" and "The Intruder" to the more robust optimism of "The Bee,"—has been so long a prominent figure of continental theatrical life that her views on dramatic art cannot fail to be interesting. To an interviewer for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the actress outlines her philosophy and speaks about the celebrities she has been associated with. A feature of our March issue which will be welcomed by all.

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